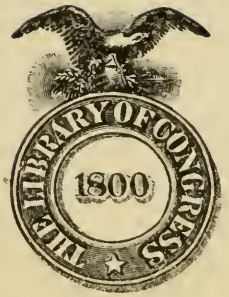

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THE LEGACY.

I.

GREAT men often marry commonplace women.

Of course we could reverse the statement and it would hold equally true; but to start our story let us concede the simple fact as first stated. Perhaps one cause of this inequality is that the executive functions of love-making are best carried out by people of shallow feeling. So mediocre women sometimes show rare skill in courtship and often succeed in bagging big game. But even then all is not lost, for fate is kind and the law of compensation never rests.

Xantippe lives in history only because she made things warm for a great philos-

opher. No doubt she was severely tried, but if she had possessed only a fawning and servile admiration for her lord, without being fully able to appreciate his intellect, she doubtless would have diluted the quality of his genius so that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Socrates would have been known to posterity.

The author of *The Contrat Social* had a helpmeet who could neither read nor write, and the fact that any one had these gifts was no special recommendation to her. Goethe referred to his wife as a convenient loaf of brown bread. Heinrich Heine, who set all Europe on a grin whenever he took up his pen, wrote to his mother that his wife did not know German and never would, and that whenever he read his manuscript to her she would make faces and beg of him to go play with the dog.

If you happen to be a genius it will not necessarily be fatal to your inspiration if you succeed in winning the love of a groundling. Female groundlings often

make excellent housekeepers; male groundlings good providers. But if your groundling is not of the pure type and should greatly admire your intellectual output, you will probably adapt your future production to the groundling understanding, and at that moment you begin to die at the top.

Professor Wilson of Harvard University purchased his ticket in life's matrimonial Louisiana scheme when in his forty-first year. He drew a blank, an animated blank to be sure, but a blank.

But he who draws a blank is more to be envied than he who draws a small prize which turns his head.

Mrs. Wilson had no sympathy for her liege's work, so he never lowered his ideal on her account. She sewed on his buttons, laid out his clean shirts and ever had meals exactly on time. The Professor was not always prompt during his early years of connubial endurance, but a few cold lunches brought him a realizing sense that he had elected a dictator and

lived under a gynocracy. And all this inculcated into his large brain a slight idea of system, a thing of which he was greatly in need.

Mrs. Wilson was a rare good housekeeper. So excellent in fact that she usually quarreled with the maid very shortly, and for many months together she used to do her own work. She doubtless got much honest satisfaction from these duties, and she also got much satisfaction by rehearsing her servant girl problem to the Professor in a high pitched, scolding key. The Professor heard, but did not heed. He was thinking of the glories of science and he merely mechanically said, "Yes, yes; too bad; jes' so, jes' so," often at the wrong time.

So the days turned to weeks, the weeks to months, the months to years. The years passed and Professor Wilson's hair was fast disappearing. His wife's was getting gray. The little house was paid for; the library shelves were filled with

valuable books; a snug sum was in the Savings Bank, and the life insurance policy had matured in a fully-paid-up.

Only one child had come to them, and every one said that Celeste Wilson was as near like her father as ever a daughter could be—only not quite so absent minded. She was the child of her father, it is true, but plus a woman's intuition, and this is no small matter.

Preoccupied men who talk to themselves, who seldom recognize their friends on the streets, and who bump into strangers, are usually righteous. Mortals who plot mischief, whose hearts are bitterness and whose charity is small, are wide awake and alert to all that goes on; they are intent on making a good impression. You seldom catch a weasel in the arms of Morpheus; the snake always sees you first, and the fox has his inward eye on a hen roost, not on a theory.

Professor Wilson thought well of everybody—if he thought of them at all. He was free from guile. He had malice

toward none. He was a man of vast learning, but he was ignorant of many things which average people know. He knew books; but he did not know men. Graduating with high honors at his university, he became a tutor, then a teacher, then assistant professor, and then filled the chair of Biology for over twenty years in his Alma Mater.

Of the great, seething, struggling mass of humanity he knew nothing. The world of strife and competition that sharpens the wits, inflames hate, excites suspicion, stirs up jealousy and thus produces that sly all 'round thing which we call the man-of-the-world, he knew not. Co-operation is god-like; competition is devilish. His was the realm of co-operation. And so Professor Wilson, as all university men know, was as good as he was great, as gentle as he was just and as ignorant as he was learned.

And he was happy, happy as a man can possibly be; for he was submerged in work that he liked. He had the love of

his daughter, the esteem of the students, the respect of the faculty, and if his wife was faulty he did not think of it.

All he desired was more knowledge of Biology.

In the midst of this blissful Nirvana, one fine morning came the postman with a registered letter; a large blue envelope, it was, with curious marks and seals. He demanded that it should be receipted for by Professor Wilson in person. And this took the good man from the very midst of a long sentence and put to flight a fine hypothesis on protoplasm. And then Mrs. Wilson insisted on opening the letter at once, and having opened it, it must be read—all that long explanation and a copy of the will of a former pupil who stated that he was "of sound mind and did hereby bequeath, give, bestow, make over and present unto Chilo Wilson, my well beloved teacher, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, with interest, from the day of my death." Then there was a draft for the full amount of the legacy

and a statement concerning various other bequests to other people.

The Professor had been advised of the legacy some weeks before, but had neglected mentioning it to his wife and daughter, so it came upon them unexpectedly. And it was a bit troublesome to the old gentleman to be broken in upon in this way, when there are only just twenty-four hours in every day, and never by any chance more.

Then these two women talked of the matter at lunch and talked of it at dinner and then talked of it in the evening. And they compelled the Professor to talk of it too, for they had sent out for two financial advisers who were coming at eight o'clock.

And they came.

And here is where the story begins.

II.

UNIVERSITY students may be divided into three general classes, namely, the Sports, the Boys, and the Grinds.

Numerically, the Sports are the smallest division; but what they lack in numbers they often make up in noise. They wear raiment of the loudest pattern and neckties of many colors, and their ambition is to do just as little work as possible and still get through. Two weeks before examination the Sport begins to grow anxious. But by the help of—say strong coffee, a tutor and much cramming, he generally passes the ordeal. Then he sheds his knowledge as the snake does its skin.

There are fables about Sports who attend dances given by the Festive Six, and similar organizations, and who do honor

to Bacchus all night, then go home, take a bath, a little seltzer and walk into class room and surprise everybody by the extent of their insight and the depth of their erudition.

But this kind of Sport, like the satyr, now lives only in song and legend.

The Boys form the bulk of the students. If you are a student under nineteen you always refer to this class as "the Men," but the recorder of truth who pens these lines, being over nineteen, uses the term "Boys."

The Boys are human. They wear a motly garb which affects the ultra-fashionable. Russet shoes, white soft hats with staring black bands, trousers turned up at the bottom, side pockets with hands in them clear down out of sight, are now the vogue. They often smoke brier wood pipes on the street. They study at times, read each other's notes, "crib and cram for exam," and perspire freely when under fire in class room. Yet they usually have a modicum of ambition: they wish to

get on. They have few enmities and many innocent pleasures, and some pleasures that are not so innocent. Their intent is honorable, their purpose graduation.

The Boys shade off on one side into the Sports, on the other into the Grinds. In numbers the Grinds and the Sports are about the same, but you would never think so, for Brer' Grind he lay low.

The Grind is the antithesis of the Sport, yet both come to college for the same reason: because they cannot help it. The Sports' parents are rich and they send him; the Grinds' parents are poor, but an overweening thirst for knowledge brings him.

The Grind often works his way by taking care of horses, sifting ashes, shoveling snow and what not. He lives in a garret, drinks vast quantities of tea, eats oatmeal, and "grinds" away the long hours of the night when he should be in bed. Sometimes he turns out to be a Great Man and sometimes he doesn't.

The Legacy.

The pure type of Grind is most interesting. He is poor in purse but great in frontal development. He has a sallow skin, a watery blue eye, a shambling gait, stooping shoulders, but he has facts. His trousers are too short, his coat shiny, his collar soiled, his hands clammy. He reads a book as he walks the highway, and when he bumps into you he always exculpates himself in Attic Greek.

This absent-mindedness and habit of reading on the street affords the Sport great opportunity for the playing of pranks. It is very funny to walk along in front of a Grind as he is reading and suddenly stoop and let him fall over you; for the innocent Grind, thinking he is the offender, ever offers profuse apologies.

Many years ago there was a Grind. A Party of Sports saw him approaching, deeply immersed in his Book. "Look you," quoth the Chief of the Sports, "Look you, and observe him fall over Me." And they looked.

Onward blindly trudged the Grind,

reading as he came. The Sport stepped ahead of him, suddenly stooped, and—one big Foot of the Grind shot out and kicked him into the Gutter. Then the Grind continued his Walk and his Reading without saying a Word. This particular Grind wore Cow Hide Boots, was tall, also angular and raw-boned; he had been brought up on a Farm, and the Sports thought best to get Revenge by simply drawing a Picture of him on a Classroom Blackboard.

This simple story is printed here for the edification of the Young, to teach them that things are not always what they seem.

The financial advisers that had been sent for by Mrs. Wilson were students, both post-graduates. And be it known that post-graduates are of two classes: those who attend college to kill time and those who attend college for study.

The name of one financial adviser was Joshua Johnson; never by any chance "Josh," but always Joshua, and that of

the other was Charles Sarony. Mr. Johnson was a Grind; Mr. Sarony a Sport.

These are the men who came to Professor Wilson's that night.

And here is where the story really begins.

III.

EVERY sun has its satellites. Around the great central system swing the lesser planets. So around every man of genius circle his loyal admirers. Admiration and imitation being first cousins, we unconsciously become like that on which our thought is fixed.

This truth is often very clearly shown in colleges where impressionable youth looks upon some certain professor as an ideal. Unwittingly the young man catches the trick of expression, the gait, manner and often the imperfections of his beloved teacher. And the lesser luminary gives out only the reflected light of the greater.

Professor Wilson had no sons, after the flesh; he reproduced himself intellectually, which possibly is the better way.

Perhaps the foster son who resembled

him most was Joshua Johnson, aged twenty-four at the time of this story, a prizeman three times over and a Grind of the pure type. He was also an athlete; and only once in every other leap year is there found a man in college who is both a Grind at books and also in the "gym."

This young man had never shaved. Consequently he had a downy mustache and a silky beard. This adornment of nature was a beautiful nut-brown, as the writers of serial love stories would express it. However, it was not a whisker of which to be boastful, for it gave a suggestion of vealiness to Mr. Johnson, which really was not a part of his character.

He was tall, lank, loose-jointed; and ill-fitting clothes and a shuffling gait made him appear awkward.

Mr. Johnson was the son of a farmer up in the hills of Maine. The elder Johnson tickled the rocky hillside in a breeches-buoy, but it did not always laugh a harvest. There were thirteen children in the family (the Johnsons were

not superstitious) and it often took the united efforts of the entire family to keep several hungry wolves off the piazza.

Joshua desired an education. So he attended the little red school house in winter and afterwards turned teacher himself. Then he saved his pennies and went to Phillips Exeter. By cutting wood and doing odd jobs he paid his way and graduated with honors; then came the University.

Young Johnson found work outside of study hours and he was willing to do it; this supplied him necessary funds and in his studies he was always a success.

Professor Wilson liked the youth so well that he made him monitor of his room and also gave him work at times about his house. Then when the Professor began his great work on Bacteria, Johnson was intrusted to make certain researches. So faithfully did he furnish his reports that Professor Wilson had him come to his library evenings. The intimacy grew almost to affection on both

sides, and the college papers used to have sly skits about the "second edition of Wilson," but neither Professor Wilson nor Mr. Johnson ever saw the point to these jokes. But Celeste Wilson did, and she did not like them. She had a sense of humor which they did not possess, still these things did not make her laugh.

On one occasion she requested Joshua to go up to the office of *The Crimson* and chastise the editor. Mr. Johnson put on his hat and started off without a smile to do her bidding, and it took considerable persuasion to bring him back. It would have been a sorry day for that printery if he had reached it: for he certainly would have "pied" the whole editorial staff. Men of twenty-four, six feet one, brought up to work on a farm, might be dangerous, especially so when obeying the orders of a pretty young woman.

When Joshua spaded the Wilson garden, Celeste used to come out and superintend. The young man admired the girl to within three points of idolatry, but

he never dare hint the fact to her. Yet he hugged a secret hope that some day—some day, he would be an assistant professor and then——

In the long winter evenings when the old gentleman and Mr. Johnson worked at the "Bacteria," the young woman would help about the classifications. On such occasions Mrs. Wilson would sit bolt upright and knit furiously, flinging off fierce fleers, glances of contempt and things toward the trio.

"Why do you have him here in my house?" she would ask, after Mr. Johnson had gone—"that uncouth, awkward simpleton—he belongs in a barn, not in a library!"

Then the Professor would try to explain that Mr. Johnson had a very brilliant mind and that some day he might take his place in the Chair of Biology. He was poor, of course, and had been deprived of certain advantages—he was of the kind that ripen slowly, etc., etc.

The thing that troubled Mrs. Wilson

was the fear that the tall, homely youth might get to thinking too much of her daughter. Perhaps she guessed the feelings of the young man from his shivers and starts, changes of color and stammerings. Mothers are naturally suspicious. And even mother-love is not always proof against jealousy or something.

Then she knew a young man that was a young man, polite, gentlemanly, graceful, rich. She did not want to marry off her only child—not she—but then, if anybody was going to steal away her daughter, Charles Sarony would be as unobjectionable as any one!

Mrs. Wilson and Celeste met this excellent young man once at a reception. He hired a carriage and took them home because Professor Wilson had forgotten them in the crush and trudged off alone. Mr. Sarony called occasionally, and twice he had taken the two ladies to the theatre. He sat between them and talked more to the elder one than to the younger, which surely showed diplomacy.

"Such a perfect gentleman, and his father a banker—I said, and his father a banker!" often remarked Mrs. Wilson.

But the daughter did not seem to hear.

When that registered letter came, its contents created a great agitation in the feminine mind of the Wilson household.

"I know what I'll do," said Mrs. Wilson, "I'll just send for Mr. Sarony; he is such a perfect gentleman, and his father is a banker—I said, and his father is a banker!"

"Would it not be better to have—to have some one else too," mildly suggested Celeste.

"Why, who else is there?"

"Mr. Johnson might come—he is very cautious, you know, and then Papa likes him."

"What does he know about finance or what does your Pa know either! Cautious is it! they are both so cautious that they will never accomplish anything; that is the trouble with 'em—I said, that is the trouble with 'em!"

A bright idea here came to Mrs. Wilson —Get these two young men together— then Celeste could see by contrast what a homely, ignorant and awkward thing this Johnson was, and at the same time the brilliant intellect of Mr. Sarony could be displayed.

"Very well, send for Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sarony. You write each at once, Celeste—tell them to come this evening, sure, on important business. Tonight at eight o'clock—I said, tonight at eight o'clock!"

So the notes were dispatched.

Mr. Johnson arrived at half past seven. His ready made grey suit a trifle seedy, but well brushed. He was somewhat abashed, and his necktie was working around toward his left ear—but these are small matters.

Mrs. Wilson explained that she had sent for Mr. Johnson on a most important piece of business, but the particulars could only be explained after the arrival of a banker who had been summoned. The

Professor and Mr. Johnson put in the time by verifying some experiments with the microscope.

It was well after eight o'clock when the scrunch of wheels on the gravel was heard and Mr. Sarony stepped out of his carriage. He made it a rule always to arrive a little late—it showed that he was full of business and then his entrance after the other guests created a bit of a flutter. He was in full evening dress—self possessed to a degree that he never was in the recitation room.

The Professor was interested in a specimen that he had under the glass and was not inclined to stop scientific researches. Bur after several calls to order, the business of the evening was taken up. Mrs. Wilson elected herself Chairman and bluntly began by explaining that a former pupil of the Professor's had kindly died, and by his will left twenty thousand dollars to the Professor, and the money had arrived that morning.

Mr. Johnson's jaw dropped, his blue

eyes stared, he actually gasped for breath; he swallowed hard and then sat speechless. Mr. Sarony was not surprised: legacies are nothing—that is, when only trivial amounts are involved. He walked carelessly over to the table and squinted at the slide under the glass and asked the Professor if it was a *bacillus acidi lactici*, or what? As he got no answer (still peering into the instrument) he inquired:

"How much did you say, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Twenty thousand dollars — I said, twenty thousand dollars."

"Oh! a beautiful specimen this is."

"And I want to consult you about how to invest it—you know the Professor is no manager."

"Yes, I know."

"And so we sent for you both," added Miss Celeste, nodding toward Mr. Johnson. "Papa has so much else to think of, of course he does not trouble himself about finance."

"Well, what shape is it in now?" asked Mr. Sarony, who had now satisfied

his scientific curiosity and had taken his seat.

"A draft—what you call a New York draft. Papa, show the gentleman the draft—I said, show the gentleman the draft!" remarked Mrs. Wilson.

The Professor felt in several pockets, then stirred up the contents of sundry table draws. Then he rummaged in certain pigeon holes of his desk. He stopped, perplexed:

"Now, where did I put it? It was a long greenish piece of paper. Daughter, didn't you see it?"

"What book were you reading this morning, papa?"

"Why, the Darwin, I believe."

The Darwin was pounced upon excitedly by Mrs. Wilson and sure enough the long greenish bit of paper was found.

"There—you see the kind of man he is!" said the good woman to Mr. Sarony.

Mr. Sarony smiled knowingly, adjusted his eye glasses with great deliberation and examined the draft. Then he

handed it back. All waited for his verdict.

"It's O. K."

"Eh?"

"It's good for twenty thousand plunks, less one fourth of one for exchange."

"We do not exactly understand," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Why, its good for the rocks—but it will cost you one-fourth of one per cent to collect: it is drawn on New York!"

"Oh, you mean it is payable in New York?"

"That's about the size of it."

"But I have no time to go to New York," peevishly put in the Professor.

Mr. Sarony smiled wearily.

"Why, papa—don't you know you do not have to go to New York, just deposit it here—you have had New York drafts before!"

"Oh, yes, of course; I was thinking of something else."

"Then draw checks on it—I said, draw checks on it. First thing, we need

a new house; this is no kind of a residence for a Professor—we should go into society more. I am sure that if the Professor would only spruce up he might yet be President of the University, or Dean anyway; don't you think so, Mr. Sarony?"

Mr. Sarony was a little doubtful about the presidency. It was not a question of merit, simply "pull," and very inferior men were often college presidents. But he was certain that Professor Wilson could be Dean—in fact he had heard his name mentioned in that connection. Mr. Sarony would himself look the ground over—it might take a little time—such matters usually do—but it doubtless could be arranged.

The good old Professor was growing nervous. He interrupted the young man.

"But I am satisfied where I am. I do not want the deanship and you will oblige me greatly by never mentioning my name in that connection."

"Why, of course if you do not want the promotion, that is another thing.

We will just let the matter rest there, but if at any time"——

"All I want now," broke in the Professor with much more decision than he was known to possess, "all I want now is to invest this money where it is safe and will bring in a fair rate of interest."

"And won't we build a new house—I said, won't we build the house?" wailed Mrs. Wilson.

Her question was disregarded.

"Very well, I am thoroughly used to such matters—bond and mortgage is what you want, or gilt edge railroad stocks might be better—I'll write down to my father at New York and ask his advice."

This deference to his father was a good stroke. College men who think their fathers can tell them anything useful are rare. The old Professor thought better of Mr. Sarony for this filial devotion. So it was decided just to let the long greenish bit of paper lie between the leaves of the Darwin until they heard from Sarony the Elder.

As for Johnson, he had not spoken a word. Twenty thousand dollars all concentrated in a bit of paper! it quite unnerved him. He knew every paradigm of the Greek verb, and much about physical science, and all about the Aztecs and Incas, but this question of finance was very intricate—he was willing to let it alone.

So the financial advisors departed.

And here is where the interesting part of the story begins.

IV.

In two days there came this letter:

SORONY & VAN SLYE,
111 WALL STREET,
BANKERS AND BROKERS.
Cable address "Slye."

Dictated S. to G. B.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1890.

PROF. CHILO WILSON:

DEAR SIR—We are informed by Charles Sarony of the legacy that has come to you. Understand that you desire to use funds to best advantage. Beg to congratulate you on windfall. If other arrangements have not been made will be pleased to have you open acc't with us. Will pay 5 per cent. on daily bal. and when we see good chance for investment will advise. Thanks for favors extended to our son.

Yours truly,

SARONY & VAN SLYE,

Per S.

P. S. Market flat just now. Can hardly tell which way cat will jump. Will send you daily Stock Bulletin.

The Legacy.

There was a special delivery stamp on this letter, so it was brought by the messenger direct to the College. It found the Professor in his class room about to begin a series of experiments in Physics. He opened the missive and read it twice, then turned the sheet over and looked at the back. Then he examined the envelope and the array of stamps. Then he read the letter again. The class was getting quite interested in the proceeding, and when the monitor was beckoned to come forward the curiosity was at fever heat. Mr. Johnson read the letter and thought he understood it—all but that about the cat. The Professor had an antipathy toward cats, and it always made him nervous to be interrupted in his scientific work and so he lost his temper just a little: "Plague on 'em, what do we care about their cat?"

"But the stock bulletin may explain when it comes—it is a live-stock bulletin, I suppose—we may get some points on zoology."

"Go to your seat, Mr. Johnson," said the Professor.

The missive was deposited in the old-fashioned high hat that stood on the table and the lecture was begun. The Professor soon grew interested in his theme and all passed off well.

The letter was forgotten until the old gentleman reached home, when he noticed it in his hat and gave it to his wife to read. Now, Mrs. Wilson had taught a "deestrick" school in her younger days and prided herself on good grammar. In fact, she was an adept in the "lower criticism;" that is, the criticism of punctuation, the crossing of t's and dotting of i's.

"Our son, *our* son is it—speaks of ours and then signs the firm name!'"

"But Mother," said the Professor, clutching at anything to stop quibble, "don't you see it is all right? it means 'our son,' 'per S.'"

This seeming error disposed of, Mrs. Wilson fell to admiring the letter. It

was plain and to the point. Business men have a literary style sometimes called the "Western Union"—they do not waste words. They were not anxious about the money either—deposit with them if you wished, otherwise no difference. The allusion to the cat was too deep even for Mrs. Wilson, but as soon as Celeste read the letter she said, "Why they do not know whether the prices of stocks will go up or down, that's all."

"Now, of course; I knew that was what it meant all the time," chimed in the mother.

Then the fact that the firm had a cable address was proof that they did business all over the world. Besides, no man in college spent more money than young Mr. Sarony, so his father must be rich.

Mr. Charles Sarony and Mr. Joshua Johnson were again sent for.

They came, and Mr. Sarony explained that if the draft was deposited with Sarony & Van Slye it would cost nothing for

collection and would always be subject to check. No one could draw it except on the signature of Professor Wilson, and if any investments were made it would never be unless with his special permission.

Mr. Joshua Johnson twirled his thumbs, and said nothing, because there was nothing for him to say.

And so the draft was duly sent for deposit to the Banking House of Sarony & Van Slye (whose cable address was "Slye"), and there came back promptly by express, charges prepaid, a package containing the following:

One check book.

One pad of deposit tickets.

One pad telegraph blanks.

One private telegraph code.

The last item is worthy of a remark or two. It was a beautiful little book with gilt edges and bound in flexible leather. It had a silver clasp or something that looked like silver, and appeared for all the world like a solemn little prayer book.

Celeste thought it a dainty volume and Mrs. Wilson quite raved over it.

On the first page of this pretty book was a notice printed in red ink, that if it should be lost or stolen Sarony & Van Slye must be immediately notified by wire.

"That is so they can send another," said Mrs. Wilson, "how very thoughtful of them."

Then the two women fell to reading out of this little volume, but they could not exactly get the run of the story. It was just like a dictionary, only different. Instead of giving the meaning of words it gave something else. For instance, "stickfast" meant today, "kite" meant one thousand, "mule" meant haste, "crawfish" meant dollars, "bottles" meant cancel, etc., etc.

Following the express package came a letter requesting Professor Wilson to sign all telegrams, Quinn, and adding that where this signature was used all messages could be sent D. H.

These things rather annoyed the good Professor: it broke in on his scientific work sadly. It was all so hopelessly foolish and trivial. Why should he, at his time of life, call himself "Quinn" and send messages "D. H."—what in the name of Archimedes did they mean? He didn't propose to send them any messages anyway.

So Mrs. Wilson put on her bonnet and shawl and her lace mitts and went up to Matthews Hall, where Mr. Sarony had his apartments, to make inquiries about the meaning of D. H. and to ascertain if possible who this man Quinn was.

Mr. Sarony was always a perfect gentleman. He greeted the good lady with great courtesy, as became her high station as helpmeet to a learned Professor.

He explained that "D. H." stood for a Latin formula meaning gratis or without expense. The signing of the name "Quinn" to telegrams instead of the Professor's own name was a mere device to keep the telegraph operators from talking

about Professor Wilson's affairs — the messages could be sent to the office by a boy and then the gossips would know nothing about the transaction.

But the name Quinn—could not some other be substituted? it was the name of the garbage man. Mr. Sarony thought a better sounding name could be chosen—he would see. As for the code it was simply to keep one's business to one's self.

"Of course, I knew it all the time," said Mrs. Wilson, "but then I thought I would ask—I said, I thought I would ask!"

"To be sure," said the gracious Mr. Sarony. "I knew that you knew it all the time, and you know that I knew that you know!"

Then they had a real nice little visit—talking about the weather and things. And about a man Mr. Sarony knew who made a hundred thousand dollars in stocks in a year. Mr. Sarony promised that he would call often and he walked

with the lady, bareheaded, clear to the corner. After supper Mrs. Wilson suggested that the Professor memorize the code—he could easily do it—it was not nearly so hard as the Greek verb:

"What does 'stickfast' mean, Pa?"

"Yesterday," answered the pupil.

"No, no, no; 'to-day,' didn't I tell you!"

"Now 'measles?'"

"'Measles' means sell."

"That's right; 'bilious?'"

"Oh, please don't, Mamma; Papa is tired; there is no need of trying to commit that thing to memory. We will probably never send a single message," explained Celeste.

Then Mrs. Wilson started off on the story about Mr. Sarony's friend who made so much money in stocks. "Two hundred thousand in a year—starting on just twenty thousand dollars. He bought when things were low and sold when they were high. Sarony & Van Slye know when stocks are going to advance and they

telegraph their friends. If we make a hundred thousand we can have a beautiful residence and large grounds all laid out in flower beds like a botanical garden!"

The Professor squirmed in his chair.

"But, mother, we must not be foolish. We have enough money now, and this house is good enough. People of our age should not change their habits of life. Celeste was born here. Let us stay and be content."

"But then, don't you know, people who have money are much better thought of than those who have not! Only last week you were telling of how you would endow the chair of Biology if you had the money!"

"That's true, I did, I did, but speculating in stocks is not much better than gambling!"

"You need not speculate in stocks. Mr. Sarony says you can just buy wheat or corn when it is cheap and then when it goes up, sell it."

"But we have no place to store corn."

"Sarony & Van Slye will keep it for you—they have an elevator—they will sell it for you and measure it out to the man themselves, and get his money for it so you will not be bothered."

"Oh, now, Maria, you know the money is bringing five per cent interest; is not that enough? I have important work to do, and must not have my mind troubled with business! Let the money rest—some day Celeste may need it—she shall have it all. Come, daughter, dear, take the pen: let me dictate a thought to you—we must finish this chapter to-night. Now then: All tissue is cellular and has the power inherent in itself to add cell to cell. Under certain conditions these aggregations become" * * *

V.

PEACE reigned after that draft had been sent away. The Professor's mind went back joyfully to that unfinished chapter on Diatoms and Infusoria. Peace reigned: it reigned all one day and part of another. It was then ruthlessly deposed by a telegram which was handed to the Professor right in the midst of his morning lecture.

Professor Wilson had about the same horror of a telegram that many hysterical ladies have of a mouse.

The Professor was a thoroughly good man, but his nerves had been put to a severe strain during the past few days. His lecture was interrupted and the telegram was handed to him by the monitor with the information that the messenger was waiting without and wanted to know if there was an answer.

"The nodal cell is the lowest of the three and exists in every form of tissue, therefore"——

"What shall I tell the messenger?" said the monitor.

"Tell him to go to the devil," replied the Professor,—"and as explained in my last lecture"——

Then he opened the envelope and read this message:

D. H. Nite.

N. Y., Feb. 9.

To Prof Wilson
gravel mouser haymow shoofly boots
Slye.

Naturally the sense of the communication did not at once dawn on his mind. By the time he had read the message over four times and carefully examined the chirography on the envelope the lecture had taken wing. He tried to recall what he had said and what he intended to say, but all that came to him was "gravel mouser haymow shoofly boots."

So he simply dismissed the class with the explanation that a message of great importance had come to him and its contents must have immediate attention.

He put on his overcoat and started homeward without his hat. He ran a little at first, and this caused one facetious student to remark to another that Professor Wilson's brother must be dead. Then this student told another that the Professor's brother was dead—killed in a railroad wreck or something. One of the Boston evening papers contained a woodcut of the Professor and announced that "The younger brother of Professor Chilo Wilson of Cambridge has been killed in a railroad collision. Full particulars will be given in our next edition."

This is what is called a scoop.

On the way home the Professor revolved in his mind the probable import of the message. Either Van Slye had committed suicide or old Mrs. Sarony had fallen down stairs and injured her spine. In any event the sad news must be

broken gently and tenderly to Charles Sarony. Mrs. Wilson was much surprised to see her husband at this time of day—much surprised to see him without his hat and much surprised to see him so red in the face, as if he had been walking rapidly. More than all she was surprised by the telegram that fluttered in his hand.

"Land sakes!" She snatched the bit of yellow paper from his grasp and tried to read.

"The code, mother; the code, quick! it is cipher!"

And so the code was brought out and the two gray heads were close together as Mr. and Mrs. Wilson leaned over the table and wrestled with the little book.

Finally it was made out: "C. B. & Q. is off. Good time to buy."

This worthy couple were human; naturally they were a bit resentful to think there had been no accident.

"What do I care. Let C. B. & Q. go off as fast as they want, all three; plague take 'em!"

"But perhaps they are friends of young Mr. Sarony's," interposed the lady.

So Mr. Sarony was sent for. When he was ushered into the presence of Professor Wilson he met with a polar reception.

"Tell your father not to harass me with any more messages. If your friends X. Y. and Z. want to go on a journey, is that any reason why I should be bothered? Just inform him that anything I wish to buy I can get right here just as cheap as in New York."

Mr. Sarony was very patient. He explained that C. B. & Q. were simply the initials of a great railroad company, and that the word "off" signified that the stock was low, so the suggestion was given that it was a good time to buy.

"Of course, I knew it all the time—I said, I knew it all the time," remarked Mrs. Wilson.

"Professor Wilson should not be pestered with these things—he has important work to do—like Agassiz he has no

time to make money; there are matters more vital than money making," said the diplomatic Sarony addressing the gallery. Then he explained that a great many telegrams were sent out, and that people were often glad to be informed of the fluctuations in the stock market, but Sarony & Van Slye should know better than to trouble the Professor of Biology with such themes. And then the gentlemanly Mr. Sarony withdrew, excusing himself for his seeming haste in thus tearing himself away. The Wilsons excused him.

Every day there came by mail the Stock Exchange Bulletin. A bulletin is quite interesting. There was no wit and humor column to this one, yet it pleased Mrs. Wilson to think that the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye, whose cable address was "Slye," should be so thoughtful about mailing it. She wondered whether it was Mr. Sarony or Mr. Van Slye that directed the wrapper, and she concluded it must be the senior member of the firm, for the writing was

large and bold. It made one think of a great big rich man with a gold watch, a fob chain and a bunch of seals. Business men are so bluff and hearty. The Professor had no watch chain, only a tape that he wore around his neck and his watch was silver and open-faced at that, so it could not be shut with a snap. Then the Professor was pale and dyspeptic and his handwriting was cramped and small. This on the wrapper had a large, free and easy swing that betokened the successful man of affairs.

Young Mr. Sarony called quite often.

He explained to the ladies the mysteries of the bulletin. "C. & A." meant Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, "Lackawanna" was Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, "M. C." was Michigan Central.

It was very interesting.

Then one evening, to illustrate a point, he took the Bulletin of Feb. 9th. He ran his finger down the line to C. B. & Q. and asked Celeste to set down on a piece of paper the quotation for that day. She

did so. Then he found the quotation on the last Bulletin. She set that down above the other and subtracted and found the difference seven and a half cents. Then Mr. Sarony asked her to multiply five thousand by seven and a half. This she did and Mr. Sarony pointed the figures off with his pencil and set a dollar mark before the sum.

"Now suppose the Professor had followed the advice and bought five thousand shares of C. B. & Q. and then sold them to-day, his profit would have been exactly $3,750.00!"

The ladies held up four hands in astonishment.

"Oh, why didn't he do it—I said, why didn't he do it!" exclaimed the mother.

Then Mr. Sarony showed the quotations on wheat and pointed out how it had declined. He figured on a pad, like a lightning calculator, and proved that a thousand dollars invested in wheat a week before would have made the purchaser eleven hundred dollars.

"But you say wheat went down—you lose when the price falls!"

"Oh, no; you simply buy short."

It was very wonderful, this stock market miracle! Mrs. Wilson could hardly comprehend how you made money if the price went up, and you often made still more if the price went down; but Mr. Sarony was sure about it. It must be so.

The next day after dinner Mrs. Wilson took the Bulletin for Feb. 9th and 16th and showed her husband how C. B. & Q. had advanced. Then she showed him Mr. Sarony's figures.

"Chilo Wilson, you have lost three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars —more than your salary for a year—I said, more than your salary for a year!" exclaimed the lady upbraidingly.

The Professor was incredulous.

Then Mrs. Wilson showed him how the money was just within his grasp, but as he failed to reach forth and take it, he of course had lost it.

That evening Mr. Sarony called again.

Mrs. Wilson was very anxious to know more about the wonders of Wall Street. She wondered why miracles could only be wrought on one street and asked if it was a long street or a short street and were there street cars on it: and as Mr. Sarony knew all about Wall Street, and how fortunes were made, he unburdened his mind of the information: carefully concealing the fact that Wall Street is only little bigger than an alley.

"Now a thousand dollars buys you ten thousand bushels of wheat"——

"How so, when wheat is a dollar a bushel?" interrupted Celeste.

"But you see, you put up a margin of ten cents a bushel"——

"Who supplies the rest?"

"Why, we do—Sarony & Van Slye—you put up a thousand dollars and that gets you ten thousand bushels, and if the price advances four cents, why, to-morrow you are four hundred dollars better off than you were to-day."

"Four hundred dollars!!"

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson, that is what I said, just four hundred dollars. Wheat has been going down point by point for a month. I had a telegram from the Governor to-day that it had touched rock-bottom. To-morrow there will be an advance—now you see!"

Next day, after dinner, Mrs. Wilson brought the subject up with her husband. He smiled indulgently as she explained how Sarony & Van Slye had so kindly offered to supply nine-tenths of the money. The Professor had to furnish only ten cents a bushel and if it went up four cents the Wilsons would make just four hundred dollars a day.

"Maria, do you really want me to speculate in wheat?"

"Why, no, not speculate, just buy it and then sell it again and make a lot of money."

"You say Mr. Sarony knows it is going up?"

"Yes, his father is sure of it—he knows all about it, you know!"

"Wait until the Bulletin comes tomorrow and we shall see whether he is right."

"If he is right will you try it just once—only a thousand dollars—you have twenty thousand in the bank, you know; it really should be earning something?"

"No, no—but still—well if Mr. Sarony is right and it does advance—yes, I'll give you just one hundred dollars to invest. If you lose it, it will teach you a lesson."

The Professor had put on his hat and was about to start for the college. His wife tenderly took his arm and walked to the door. The old man kissed her and patted the withered cheek—he was not given to much demonstration! She was pleased and he was pleased that she was pleased. For the moment he was feeling younger; he twirled his cane as he walked toward Harvard Square, and even whistled a bar or two from an old love song that he thought had long since been forgotten. And here is where the exciting part of this story really begins.

VI.

NEXT morning Mrs. Wilson stood with a shawl over her head and waited for the postman. He seemed to be late; but at last his grey uniform came in sight. He handed out the Bulletin and the eager hands of the woman tore off the wrapper.

"Wheat 1 : 03 !"—yesterday it was only 1 : 01—"Market firm."

At lunch time Mrs. Wilson stood again at the gate with a shawl over her head. In one hand she held the Stock Exchange Bulletin that came yesterday, in the other, to-day's.

Exultantly she showed the Professor the quotation.

"There now, didn't I tell you Mr. Sarony knew it was going up? You wouldn't believe it, would you? what do you say to this? See! 'One dollar

three and firm.' You promised me the hundred dollars to invest if I proved to you that Mr. Sarony knew—no backing out now!"

The Professor was annoyed by this profuse and confident crowing. He had in fact forgotten his promise of the day before, but he drew the check and gave it to her.

Mrs. Wilson had decided that she would rely entirely on the advice of Mr. Sarony about the investment. She sought him at his rooms without delay. He advised immediate purchase of one thousand bushels at 1 : 04 or under, telegraphing the order. So the code was consulted and the order sent.

The following morning the grey haired woman again stood with shawl over her head waiting for the postman. She was a little feverish and her hands trembled as she scanned the Bulletin page.

"Wheat strong 1 : 05 !"

She hastened to the college and called Mr. Sarony out of the recitation

room. He read the quotation and smiled knowingly.

"'Spose I write 'em to sell when she reaches 1 :07?" suggested the Napoleon of Finance.

"It may go still higher!"

"Yes, but it is uncertain."

"Well, do as you think best."

So the young man wrote an order to sell Mrs. Wilson's wheat when the market reached 1 : 07. The second day came a message to young Mr. Sarony saying they had sold at 1 : 07½. Mr. Sarony did not take this telegram down to Mrs. Wilson's —it was too trivial a matter to look after personally. He sent it down by a boot-black.

When Mrs. Wilson received a letter by next post from the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye her heart began to beat violently. She feared there must have been some mistake about the telegram— they had failed to sell and the market had gone down.

"You open it, Celeste, you read it to

me—if it is bad news we must never tell Pa—I feel as if I was going to faint, oh my!"

Celeste opened the envelope, unfolded the big sheet of letter paper and out there fell, fluttering to the floor, an oblong bit of paper. It was a check for $126.50 and this check was pink of a very pretty tint. The letter with the check merely mentioned that the wheat had been sold as ordered and proceeds were enclosed, less commissions. Then the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye (whose cable address was "Slye") said that they would be much pleased to receive Mrs. Wilson's further orders.

The letter was laid on the Professor's plate at dinner time. He felt the aura of suppressed excitement before he saw the check and knew something was coming.

"How much did you give me? Chilo Wilson, answer me that! I said, how much did you give me!"

Chilo Wilson admitted that it was

just one hundred dollars—no more and no less.

"How much is that check on your plate?"——

Professor Wilson was forced to admit that it was $126.50. He was further forced to admit that one hundred dollars deducted from one hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, left twenty-six dollars and fifty cents.

"How long ago was it that you gave me that one hundred dollars?"

There was no use of denying it, it was only five days before.

Then another problem in arithmetic was presented to the Professor, namely: If one thousand dollars had been invested instead of one hundred how much would the profit have been? All probabilities pointed in the direction that the net sum made would have been $265.00.

"Now you just give me a check for $500.00 and I will make enough in a week to buy a new Axminster for the parlor."

"But, Mother, wouldn't it be better to take this check and buy the carpet?"

"Yes, but this check is capital—one hundred dollars of it is—Mr. Sarony says we should never encroach on capital, but keep it active."

"Well, we will see!"

So the matter rested.

Mr. Sarony chanced to call that evening and of course there was only one subject for discussion. The Professor had work to do, but he was drawn into the conversation against his will. He was annoyed.

"Do you advise my wife's investing five hundred dollars more?" he icily asked Mr. Sarony.

"Oh no, not a dollar; I was just saying that there was no certainty about the market now."

It came over Professor Wilson that possibly he had been doing Mr. Sarony an injustice. Evidently he was honest in this Wall Street business. The conversation turned to the uses of wealth.

"Money in itself is not bad; it all depends on how you use it. Now suppose I know a poor fellow whose heart is fixed on college and he has no money to take him, and I pay his way for a year to give him a start"——

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed the Professor.

Then the subject of endowments was broached, and the name of several men who had given much to endow colleges, hospitals and libraries were mentioned.

"You know you would like nothing better than to endow the Chair of Biology?" said Mrs. Wilson.

"Certainly, for the Faculty brought the matter up at the last meeting and one of them even suggested dropping it for economy's sake; what a shame it would be, just for the lack of a few paltry dollars, to discontinue so valuable a course."

And so the use of "means" was discussed at length. Mr. Sarony took his departure and all voted that it had been a very pleasant evening.

It was more than a week before he called again. Then it was on business. He merely wished the Professor to know that a dollar or so could be made in corn without any trouble. His father had sent him a telegram and if he did not tell his dear friends, Professor and Mrs. Wilson, he would feel he was derelict to duty. Of course it was their own matter—they must use their own judgment about investing.

"Is your father sure about the market?"

Mr. Sarony made no answer, only looked at the lady, and a half smile of pity stole over his face.

"How much should we invest do you think?"

"Oh, only a little—not a thousand—say five hundred. There is no use of being reckless, even if you are sure."

The Professor drew the check for five hundred dollars. Two days passed.

The market went down; so did Mrs. Wilson's spirits.

"Corn lower," said the Bulletin. Mrs. Wilson was in the depths and Mr. Sarony not to be seen.

Then there was a change—"The continued backward spring has sent corn up six points in three days," announced the Bulletin.

Young Mr. Sarony wired the firm to sell. They did so and then sent a message to Mrs. Wilson saying her profit was $81.62.

The message was duly laid on the Professor's dinner plate. He had gotten used to finding things there now. The Bulletin was there every day and he had taken to scanning it. It was quite interesting to see how the prices moved up or down like the mercury in a thermometer.

"'On account of the continued backward spring.' How did your father know the spring would be backward?"

"Employ meteorologists—don't you know!" said young Mr. Sarony, in a matter of fact way, as he looked out of the window.

The Legacy.

Professor Wilson did not know that bankers and brokers utilized science—it raised the "street" a bit in his estimation.

Still he was not specially interested; the thing his heart was in was the Bacteria. He flatly told his wife so in the presence of Mr. Sarony and requested her to talk of something beside that miserable stock market.

His blunt remark and gruff treatment of herself and the dear friend caused the good woman a weeping spell.

As for Mr. Sarony he congratulated the Professor on his oneness of aim and prophesied that the "Bacteria" when published would become an authority in every University in the world.

It must have been ten days before Mr. Sarony called on the Professor in his private room at the college and showed him a telegram just received from the elder Sarony. It read: "chance of lifetime better let professor wilson in on ground floor particulars by male."

Professor Wilson could not see the object of spelling his name without capitals, but the young man explained that this was merely the lack of education on part of the telegraph operator.

The letter came and detailed that a pool was being formed to bull Erie and that five thousand dollars put in would probably double itself in a month.

"You better not say anything to your wife about this—women do not understand these matters, you know."

Professor Wilson agreed with this sentiment—his estimate of the feminine intellect was low, for a man's opinion of women is determined by those with whom he is most intimate. He wasn't sure that men understood "these matters" either, but a desire had been in his heart for some time to endow the Chair of Biology, and here was "the chance of a lifetime." The elder Mr. Sarony said so and his judgment so far had been correct. It is easy to draw a check. Professor Wilson drew one and young

Mr. Sarony promised to keep the matter a secret and attend to all details.

Young Mr. Sarony kept the matter secret and he likewise attended to all details.

And here is where the tragic part of the story begins.

VII.

PROFESSOR WILSON was a genius. The wife of a genius often takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man's interest at heart she endeavors to arouse him out of his lethargy by railing on him. Occasionally he awakens enough to rail back. And so it has become an axiom that genius is not domestic.

Professor Wilson was now deeply intent on completing his book. Both he and Mr. Johnson would often work away until well after midnight. Loss of sleep does not tend to make mortals amiable and then there is that which is known as "literary irritability." Another thing that did not help the Professor's temper was the thought of that Wall Street investment. To be led into such a thing by a mere boy! It was only an impulse

and ever since he had drawn that check his self respect had been less.

Then my Lady Tongue was worse than ever.

She never mentioned the stock market now-a-days. He thought it a little queer —but was glad she did not. He would not bring the theme up—not he. Yet he pondered over it a good deal.

Mrs. Wilson reasoned with Talleyrand that language is given us to hide our thoughts. About the only subject that was in her mind was the stock market, so she never mentioned it. She talked of other things, for she was deep in buying and selling and constantly in communication with Mr. Sarony.

"No use of telling your husband—he doesn't understand these matters," said that worthy young gentleman.

The lady agreed with him.

Her husband had given her permission to keep that six hundred dollars and she had promised to put it in the Savings Bank. Instead, however, she gave it to

Mr. Sarony; for with Mr. Sarony it would draw a much higher rate of interest.

They bought wheat, then oats; sold corn short and chased pork up the "street" and then down. Sometimes they lost, sometimes won. But recently the market "soured" on them, as Mr. Sarony expressed it, and losses were the rule. In fact the first profits made had disappeared and the capital had dwindled to less than two hundred dollars.

Still Mr. Sarony was hopeful; he was sure that a lucky strike would bring it all back.

Meantime there came to Professor Wilson mysterious letters about the pool that was booming Erie. "It's all right—only taking a little more time than we thought. Plans have come out just as arranged, but not yet liquidated. Will write soon."

But the days passed, and the expected letter of explanation did not come. Instead there was a telegram saying: "have carried our point doubled investment but all agreed to put in forty per

cent more to fully consummate sure thing."

This was encouraging.

All the other investors in the pool had agreed to put in forty per cent more to fully complete the scheme. Of course, as the others had paid up, Professor Wilson should, too. The amount invested would just double, that is Professor Wilson's seven thousand dollars would be returned to him with seven thousand more—all in a week. Young Mr. Sarony was very sure of this.

The old gentleman was doubtful at first, but he soon caught some of the younger man's enthusiasm and the check for two thousand dollars was handed over.

"It's only for a day or so," said young Mr. Sarony. "We will try Northwestern next, we must not have all of our eggs in one basket."

But Professor Wilson thought best to wait. They were both feeling good. Seven thousand dollars profit in six

weeks! A few such strikes and the chair of Biology could be endowed. Eureka! or almost.

Then a week went by, as weeks will to those who wait, but the expected liquidation did not materialize.

The Professor found little peace at home. Something was troubling his wife: her hair seemed to be getting whiter, the face thinner, the features drawn. A difficult point had been reached in the chapter on Sport-life, but still both he and Mr. Johnson worked away.

Meantime the Faculty held another monthly meeting and the subject of continuing the chair of Biology was again brought up. The revenues of the college had been reduced in various ways and it was voted to discontinue several departments, including Biology. This meant entire loss of salary to Professor Wilson.

Still no word came from New York.

It is hard for a frank and generous soul to keep a secret. A secret gnaws—the more you hug it the more you suffer.

The Professor was keeping his secret, Mrs. Wilson hers; and being in the same house they each became aware that the other was holding something back. The daughter, too, felt the strained relationship.

Celeste had always been her father's confidante — he explained to her his hypotheses concerning animalculæ and many matters that she could not fully comprehend. He also consulted her whenever he bought a new pair of trousers, but this investment in Wall Street was different.

The confessional is a necessity for great souls and small; and a point was now reached where this simple hearted man must talk with somebody. His love for his daughter was profound. Should he tell her? He concluded he would, but not until after he had consulted Mr. Johnson.

So Mr. Johnson was summoned, the door was locked and Professor Wilson went over the matter in detail with his

favorite pupil. Mr. Johnson had pretty good sense on most points and his judgment perhaps was right this time: he believed the Professor was being robbed. He told him so plainly.

Mr. Sarony was sent for but could not be found. His room-mate said he had gone to New York to spend a week's vacation but would be back in a few days. On Mr. Johnson's advice a telegram was sent Sarony & Van Slye demanding that they state plainly the condition of the Erie investment.

An answer came back that if Professor Wilson would send one thousand dollars more the plans could be carried through as at first conceived.

Mr. Johnson and the Professor were now positive that there was dishonesty abroad and that the best thing to do was to get the balance of Professor Wilson's deposit out of the hands of Sarony & Van Slye. So a check was signed and made payable to Joshua Johnson, and Mr. Johnson started for New York.

He found Sarony & Van Slye's office on the fourth floor in a large block. The quarters were small but fairly well fitted up, yet it was not the great banking house that Mr. Johnson expected to see.

On presenting his check at the counter it was received by a dapper young man who looked the visitor over with an air of amusement. Then he examined the check and was not so much amused. He went back and consulted with an older man, who was reading a newspaper, with his feet in the window, and this man was not amused at all. They conversed in an undertone for a minute or two and came forward together.

"Is your name Johnson?"

"Yes, Joshua Johnson."

"Well, we do not know that."

"Yes, but it is so, I'm of the Class of Eighty-one."

"We don't care what class you are; how do we know your name is Johnson?"

At that moment Mr. Johnson caught sight of a face at a glass partition that

separated the principal room from a private office. The face peered out and suddenly dodged back.

"There! there's a man who knows me—he will identify me—Charles Sarony."

The clerk went back to the private office and returned with the information that young Mr. Sarony was not there.

"You lie," shouted Johnson.

His face was white and his stooping shoulders had suddenly become square and firm; he showed the strength of a dozen such men as stood before him. His shambling gait disappeared as he slipped around the end of the counter, flinging aside the man, who attempted to stop him. Three steps brought him to the private office where in a corner crouched Charles Sarony.

"Thief, my money—here is the check—my money!" Four men stood about, hesitating before seizing the obstreperous intruder and ejecting him.

Johnson faced them.

"Don't lay hands on me, gentlemen—I will kill the man who touches me—the money for this check is all I want!"

He waved the check aloft in his left hand, then slipped the paper into his pocket, and his great hands seized the back of a light chair.

There was an instant of intense but suppressed excitement. Not a word was spoken. All felt quite sure that the chair would crash on the head of any man who moved forward, and none cared to touch the button that would explode the mine.

Young Mr. Sarony broke the spell. Calmly lighting a cigarette he took a seat, blew the smoke through his nose and then said, "What's the use of raising such a devil of a row, Johnson, about a check—let's see the thing!"

The check was passed over, but Johnson's eyes still glared and he had a couchant look as if about to spring.

Sarony handed the check back carelessly—looked out of the window, tilted his hat over one eye. Then he blew out a

cloud of smoke and remarked to the elderly gentleman standing near:

"It's all right, Gov'nor, I know this lunatic, he's Wilson's hired man, you'll have to give him the stuff!"

Then turning to Johnson, "I say Johnson, how's the boys?"

But Johnson still glowered; he refused to converse. Meanwhile young Mr. Sarony smoked, and the elder Sarony read the paper which he held upside down. The two other men were getting the cash together to meet the check. It evidently put them to their wits for they had to go out for a portion of it. At last the whole twelve thousand four hundred dollars was placed on the table in two brick shaped packages. Johnson endorsed the check and distributed the money through various pockets.

"You'll get robbed before you get home," smiled young Mr. Sarony.

The elder man found time to look up from his paper. "I say, you Whats-your-name, tell your boss that we are

sorry about that Erie deal; it caught us for a hundred thousand—you know these things will happen!"

But Mr. Johnson was gone.

VIII.

THE prediction that Mr. Johnson would get robbed did not hold true. He arrived home safely and made his way at once to Professor Wilson's.

It was after ten o'clock, yet the lights were burning brightly—in fact one might have supposed that there was a reception in progress. Mr. Johnson's ring was not answered, so he walked in. There was no one to be seen in the library or parlors. Coming from upstairs were sounds of hot argument, strife and suppressed excitement.

The man listened. He took two steps up the stairs and stopped.

"Take your hands off—I order you to be gone—this is my house, unhand me!"

Then came the noise of scuffling feet and the deep breathing of wrestling—a

woman's sobbing voice. Johnson was no coward. At a bound he reached the top of the stairway and stood for a single second at the door of the room. Two men were struggling with Professor Wilson.

Johnson rushed forward, seized one of the men by the throat and with a quick trip and a whirl he sent the fellow spinning across the room where he fell with a crash against the wall. Johnson struck the other man with his fist, and then closed with him. Celeste Wilson rushed forward and endeavored to separate them.

"O, Mr. Johnson—don't you see, it is the doctor—you must not—you must not, do you not see, it is the doctor?"

Johnson's arms fell, his form relaxed—he staggered and leaned against the head board of the bed for support.

"Forgive—forgive me, I thought they were robbers. But—I—I—I—I don't understand it!"

"Nor we either, Oh, Oh, Oh! just

look at him!" It was Mrs. Wilson who spoke and she pointed at her husband who sat quietly on the bed staring about.

Johnson could not see anything wrong, except that the Professor's face was ghastly white, his eyes bloodshot—evidently he was very sick. Mr. Johnson tenderly took his hand and at the instant the sick man started up and threw his arms around his pupil's neck.

"Save me, Johnson, save me, they are trying to tie my hands, save me!"

Johnson sat down and tried to quiet the man's fears but in vain—

"They are brokers, bankers and brokers. They robbed me and now are trying to take me away to boom Erie—Don't let them do it, Johnson—save me, and those women, too, are against me—Drive them away Johnson—drive them away—I am president of the Erie, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, ding, ding whoooo—whoooo—ding, chuka, chuka, chuka. Don't put all your eggs in one basket. Take away the headlight,

Johnson, it blinds me, take it away, I say."

The doctor who got the fall now came forward, his forehead bleeding from a bad gash. He was consulting with his colleague about what to do. The Professor was watching them and became more frantic than ever, begging Johnson to protect him.

Mr. Johnson had the good sense to see that the presence of these two doctors, and the two crying women, was exasperating the patient.

"I can manage him—leave the room, all of you, and I will put him to bed."

They withdrew and Mr. Johnson turned the lights low and then explained that the enemy had withdrawn and that the Professor should go to bed.

"I will stay right here all night, not a soul shall enter the room. I will be with you all the time."

He bathed the old man's face in cool water, opened the windows and sat by the bedside holding the thin, bony hands;

sat there until the stars stole to rest and the east was flushed with pink—until the sun came up and sent long streaks of light dancing into the room.

During the night the patient had moaned and muttered in his sleep. He had tossed about and several times had tried to get up, but the pupil's strong arm restrained him, and his voice brought reassurance.

When morning came the Professor was calm and rational yet he wished Johnson to stay with him. He still had some fever and complained of pain in the back of his head. He asked for his daughter and begged her to remain.

The doctor came, but as soon as he entered the patient began staring wildly about. He addressed the physician as "Mr. Van Slye" and enquired about the stock market. When his wife appeared at the door he became strangely fearful and begged of Johnson to protect him at all hazards.

All that day the pupil and daughter

cared for the sick man. He wanted both near him all the time. He got up and looked out of the window; if any passer-by glanced toward the house he was sure the person was a spy in the employ of his enemies. A grocer's wagon stopped at the door, and the poor man quickly drew down the blinds, trembling with alarm. At times he would imagine he was running trains.

"I must boom Erie—ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch—whooo—whoooo—ding, ding, chuka, chuka, chuka"——

Several of the neighbors came in to offer their services: among them young Mr. Sarony who had just returned from New York, dropped in to express his sympathy and offer his help in this time of sorrow. Every step was heard by the unfortunate man and commented on. They were after him but Johnson must stand by.

All that day and the following night the faithful friend was with him.

Finally by use of sedatives the man

was put to sleep and a consultation of physicians was held. The decision was reached that he should be sent away to an asylum.

Mr. Johnson asked if he could not go too, so as to take care of him. The doctors explained that this was impossible—competent nurses were employed and friends of the patients were never allowed with them. In fact, an attendant from the asylum had been sent for and was now in the house to assist in getting the Professor away early the next morning.

Mr. Johnson was getting much worn from the constant excitement. He looked very haggard. Celeste begged him to go to his room and rest. At last he consented. It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Johnson went away.

Night came on.

Rain had been falling most of the day. Pools of water stood in the streets. The air was full of mist and fog. It would have been very dark had it not been for

the flickering gas lamps that stood at infrequent distances along the street.

The few belated pedestrians, with umbrellas, hurried homeward with thoughts fixed on cosy firesides.

It was near eleven o'clock when a gray horse, attached to a light buggy was driven rapidly, splashing through the mud, towards Professor Wilson's house. A neighbor who peered out through her window thought it must be the doctor. By the fluttering light of the street lamp she saw him tie the horse. He let down the top of the buggy, lifted the whip from its socket and then set it back. Then he threw the robe forward on the dashboard.

He was a tall man, thin but broad shouldered. He took off his overcoat, removed his gloves and tossed them with the coat upon the seat. Then he cast one more glance at the horse and buggy, unsnapped the hitch rein, snapped it again, and walked up the steps with a quick, nervous, determined tread.

He opened the door gently, stood an instant in the hallway, and listened.

Professor Wilson's voice could be heard pleading with his attendants.

Softly the man climbed the stairs. No one heard him when he entered the room. The first intimation they had of his presence was a wild, loud laugh followed with "Whooo—whoooo—ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka!"

The man who was endeavoring to hold Professor Wilson on the bed was Charles Sarony. He started in alarm and faced about. The tall man seized him, collar and elbow—gave him a quick jerk forward, brought him out of the room to the top of the landing, then turned, caught him across his hip, like an experienced wrestler, and flung him headlong down the stairway. The two other men who were in the room made their escape to the street by the back way, calling loudly for help.

Meantime the intruder had wrapped the sick man in the bedclothes, took his

clothes that were on a chair, threw the limp form across his shoulder, and carried him down the stairs, out of the front door and seated him in the buggy. The snap that held the hitch rein to the bit was slipped and the man stepped into the buggy, just as Celeste Wilson rushed from the house and seized the horse by the bridle——

"They are mad—don't you see, it is Mr. Johnson and my father—they are madmen, both, help me—help, help, help"——

Several men came running forward, one seized a wheel of the buggy and sought to overturn it—he nearly succeeded.

The whip sang through the murky air and wound with a savage crack under the horse's stifle. The affrighted animal made a wild bound forward. Still the girl kept her hold on the bridle—again the whip fell. The horse, now frantic with fear, lunged, his hoofs trod on the dress, carried the girl down under his

feet and the buggy gave a lurch as the wheels passed over her form. The horse and buggy with its occupants disappeared in the gloom.

The sound of splashing hoof beats grew fainter and were lost.

Then there was only darkness and the soft falling rain.

BOOK II

I.

ALL successful lives take a zigzag course. Rattlesnake Pete had been a relay rider on the Pony Express, had driven stage coach, fought Indians, struck pay gravel, gambled away his fortune and then turned plain cow puncher.

For a time he ran the Fort Dodge trail; he was then elected sheriff of Kewakee County, and when the county seat was at Red Gulch it was he who took charge of the posse that repulsed the mob from the rival town of Windy City. Both places claimed the county seat but Pete saved the day, and also the hook on which the records were filed.

If this had happened in England a few hundred years ago the Rattlesnake would have been made a baron, and his descendants would have belonged to the nobility.

However we are straying, for Rattlesnake Pete had no descendants; instead of adding to the population he reduced it. There were six notches cut in the butt of his pistol.

Yet it must not be imagined that Pete was a Bad Man, he was not even a bad man. There was more good in him than evil, so we should call him good. Howbeit he was not pious, for he sometimes swore, although when he did the originality and uniqueness of the oaths were worthy of admiration. He was amiable, kind, generous; and truthful, except in regard to history and here it was memory lapsed not intent.

If you were a stranger and chanced to call at Pete's cabin he would have taken you in, warmed you, clothed you, fed you, and he would have felt insulted had you offered to pay. If you had fallen among thieves, been beaten sore, and left by the roadside half dead, and Pete had chanced to pass that way he would have stopped, bound your wounds, set

you on his own beast and taken you to a place of safety. Then he would have gotten a posse and gone in hot pursuit of your enemy; thus not only acting the part of the good Samaritan but seeing his bluff and going him one better.

Pete reverenced the memory of his mother—two of the notches had been cut on her account—he likewise at rare intervals spoke with feeling of "a gal what died years ago in Arkansaw." At such times he would sigh and "suthin' would git in his eye." Yet he was no saint, for he chewed tobacco and occasionally used stimulants to excess, as the Life Insurance Companies express it, and as before hinted his vocabulary contained several words not found in the Standard Dictionary.

Rattlesnake Pete was getting old. It would have done no good to have asked how old, for he did not know and likely as not would have told you thirty on the fourth day of last June. For he was often painfully exact in his statements, as

men are apt to be who talk at random. But about his age—he was n't sixty, and then what if he was! Yet a painstaking person with a passion for facts might have figured out from Pete's accounts of certain fights in which he had taken part, that this man with the hat band of rattlesnake tails, was getting along in years: especially so, in view of the fact that many of those Indian fights occurred upwards of a hundred years ago.

But we will let that pass.

Bullets and arrows, knives and clubs, teeth and claws, hoofs and horns had left marks pretty much all over Pete's anatomy. And now time was adding to the scars on his face; and rheumatism was stiffening his legs (just a little). Wind, sun and whiskey had ruined his complexion long before. Yet Pete's heart was not seared—he had no quarrel with the world—he was still one of "the boys" and he wore his big white sombrero jauntily cocked over one eye and was quite particular about the blue flannel

shirt with its red stars on the bosom. He wore his hair long, his boots high and he scorned suspenders.

Pete's earth journey had been a tumultuous one. He had met many men, good and bad; a few women—mostly bad—but through it all he had retained his faith in humanity. If a man told him a thing it was as though it had been printed in the *Sun*. And if Pete told you he would stand by you—believe it.

He had been chosen a Justice of the Peace, but the duties of the office were only nominal. And this was well, for down deep in his heart Pete preferred strife to peace.

On a certain beautiful May morning, in Dead Horse City, Rattlesnake Pete sat on a beer keg, out in front of the Silver Spur Saloon. The nights are cool there in the mountains, but in the daytime the sun comes out warm and gracious. Pete sat there, blinking in the grateful rays, dreaming of old days before these piping times of peace had ruined business.

He chanced to look up and he saw something that gave him quite a start: two tenderfeet—one an old gentleman in solemn black; the other younger, tall, angular, plain, long-armed.

They were looking about curiously, anxiously, in fact.

"Mornin', gents," said Pete.

"Ah! good morning, sir."

The two men stopped and consulted in a whisper for an instant: "We are looking for a certain individual by the name of Snake—Mr. Snake," said the younger.

"Well, pardner, you put 'er a leetle queer but I reckon I git your drift. 'Taint Rattlesnake Pete you want mebbe?"

"Why yes, Peter R. Snake, I wrote it down! the landlord, I believe, said his intimate friends call him by the cognomen you suggest—Where can we see him?"

"Right here, gents," said Pete as he tapped the stars on his flannel shirt front,

"set down," and he motioned to a couple of beer kegs.

"No, no, we want to see you on very special business—we arrived late last night and were recommended to you. We want an honest, reliable man to help us."

"Wall, I haint so very dam honest—Nothin' wrong I hope, gents!"

"Wrong! yes, Mr. Snake, everything is wrong—there are enemies after us."

The stranger's voice was earnest, his manner full of suppressed feeling.

Pete's hand went to his right hip.

"The boys haven't been botherin' you?"

"No, not boys—*men*, wicked, designing, base men."

Pete was now thoroughly aroused. These strangers had come to him for protection—there must be fair play. With his hand on the butt of his pistol he sidled out into the middle of the road, so as to command a full view. He looked up the street and down—a few

stragglers walking about, a mule train in the distance struggling up the trail. The enemy was not in sight.

"Where be the goddam rogues, pardner, we'll make 'em show their hands."

Pete turned around twice, still on the look out, expecting every moment a bullet would come whizzing past.

"I do not think they have arrived yet —but they are on our track: we will not be safe until we get a full hundred miles from any railroad—You must take us into the mountains, where they can not find us."

"Will they git here to-day, think you?"

"Yes, to-night, sure. We have heard them calling over the rails to us this morning. You know all railroads touch each other, so there is a regular network of steel over the whole country. These thieves—bankers and brokers they are—keep calling to us over these rails which you know are charged with electricity. We hear the voices all the time. As

this is the terminus of the railroad the shouting at us here is worse than ever!"

"And they be callin' of you bad names? Why in tarnashun don't they come out like men and show themselves —what is it they say?"

"Bull Erie—Bull Erie—ch—ch—ch—ch—chuka, chuka, Bull Erie!"

"What's that—they air in the cattle biz, air they?"

"No, no, no, in the railroad business. You see Professor Wilson here is a magnate—what you call a magnate, owns most of the Erie, all of the C. B. & Q., and half of the Lackawana. They are all after him; they caught him once and tied him with straps to carry him off, but I rescued him. Now we must get just one hundred miles away from any railroad and then they will let us alone. You must take us, we can pay you well. Will you do it?"

Pete scratched his head; he could not make it out—this about the railroads. All he understood was that these men

were in trouble. He looked at them in perplexity. Either man was taller than he; they were gentlemanly, civil, yet their pale, earnest faces spoke of distress as they stood there waiting for his answer. Pete's sympathies were touched—yet it would take money to buy a camping outfit, and there must be provisions bought and this would mean a pack burro or two.

"Will these dosh bing scoundrels that are after you git here to-day?"

"Yes."

"Wall, less fight 'em right here—I kin git the boys together an' we kin stand 'em off. It will take a lot o' money to go into the mountings a hundred mile. We 'ort to have a horse apiece and a couple o' jack rabbits to carry the campin' outfit an' grub. It will take five hundred dollars!"

"Oh, we have money, look at this!"

The younger man drew from an inside pocket a green package, fully two inches thick. "We will pay all expenses and give you a salary of $100 a month."

"I'll do it gents—put 'er thar—put 'er thar."

And all this happened on the ninth day after our fugitives had so tragically left Cambridge. On that eventful night they had driven to Revere, where they at once took a train back to Boston. They went to a small German hotel where they kept closely to their rooms.

No disguises were attempted save that both men had shaved off their beards. In four days the Professor had so recovered strength that they took an evening suburban train to a crossing ten miles out, where they waited for the Express. They boarded the through train and duly arrived in Denver in four days. The next afternoon they reached Dead Horse City. They had refused to converse with any one and had not been molested.

In life all things are possible—even safety.

II.

RATTLESNAKE PETE was used to emergencies. He delighted in the unusual and never reached Nirvana unless dealing with the extraordinary. He usually took destiny on a jocular basis, but the circumstances of the present case were a trifle confusing to his limited intellect, so he was serious and perplexed. His brain was hardly equal to his heart anyway; and a post mortem examination might have shown a deficiency in gray matter, with convolutions not especially deep.

Then the sight of so much money, the offer of a hundred dollars a month, and these two anxious men with their soft ways caused the thought to come over Pete that he was only drunk.

He tried to shake himself into life and realization of the situation, so he

arose, as we have said, and remarked with animation, "Put 'er thar—put 'er thar!"

The two strangers looked at each other in astonishment. After an instant the older man spoke:

"We hardly—that is to say—sir, we do not understand what it is you desire us to put there."

"It's a go, d'w'ye see—shake."

"Oh, you desire us to introduce ourselves. My name is Wilson, Chilo Wilson, whilom Professor of Biology. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Snake, Mr. Snake, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson is a prizeman, his degree is a *Magna cum lauda;* he is the best student in Ethnology I ever knew."

So they shook hands.

That is, the little man did the shaking and with a force and energy such as the others were evidently not used to.

Pete had now calculated the number of drinks he had imbibed since morning and assured himself that he was not drunk.

"Look straight over my shoulder, pard," he said, addressing the younger man in a low tone, "what you see?"

Mr. Johnson looked carefully, but saw nothing in particular.

"Don't you see the big cottonwood tree with the clump o' willers down by the crick, a mile away?"

"Yes, I see the tree."

"And so do I," said the Professor.

"Well you, Johnsing, just skirmish off to the left easy-like, and I'll meet you at that big tree in an hour, and th' ole man he'll slide off to the right and git 'round to same place."

The two men seemed to place a confidence in the guide; but his lowered tone called their attention to a group of idlers across the street who were watching the trio curiously.

Transparent, simple souls, like our friend of the rattlesnake appendices, are often possessed of the idea that they have a rare skill in contriving deep laid schemes. They are so very anxious to

divert suspicion that they attract it. The three men separated; Pete walked off leisurely up the street, whistling as he sauntered.

"Who be the tenderfeet, Pete?" asked a friend.

"Oh, a couple of consumpters, sent here by the doctors to kick out I reckon."

"What they want of you?"

"Oh nothin' but to ax the way to Bill Smith's up on the branch."

Then Pete rolled on carelessly, still whistling. He reached the end of the one street of Dead Horse City, slipped off into the sage brush and laid down. He remained there long enough to make sure that no one was following; then he skirted the town, picking his way along the mountain side until he came to the big cottonwood tree.

Sure enough the two strangers were there: both trembling with alarm at Pete's long absence and fearing that they had been led into an ambuscade.

The scout sat down on a bowlder. As he did so the other men stood up. The day being warm Pete took off his coat and laid off his sombrero. Then he fished out of his boot leg a long plug of tobacco, a pipe out of his coat, and a knife from his trousers and began scraping off tobacco to fill the pipe.

All this without a word.

His movements were very deliberate. The strangers gazed on him with the look of bewildered helplessness such as a woman in times of sore trial might bestow on the man she loves.

These two men were undone.

The dark lines beneath their eyes told of sleepless nights and days when food was repulsive—of anxious hours when enemies pursued. At last they had found a refuge; and this weather-beaten, confident, self-sufficient little man was the cross to which they clung. Their own strength could carry them no further. They had up to this time leaned on one another, and like drowning men had

clutched until their hands were helpless. The tide of untoward events was fast drifting them to sea, but a rock had been found, a crag lifting itself out of the angry, hungry waves: and this crag was Rattlesnake Pete.

When men meet there is always a swift, unspoken understanding between them. So there was here. Pete felt their dependence; and when we know that others are reposing confidence in us it adds cubits to our stature.

Pete filled the black pipe with needless deliberation. He picked up the sombrero and holding it to the windward struck a match and took three long deliberate puffs. Then he spoke:

"You see, gents, don't you know, I wasn't ezackly awake up there at the town—a man must allus git out away from folks and things to have his headpiece unlimber fer biz—city's no place fer childrun or grownups, too much smoke from chimleys and goin's on, an' raisin' hell. You see, I didn't git yer

drift—couldn't up thar, how could I? Now gin me that lingo and gin it slow."

Pete waited and silently smoked.

Mr. Johnson looked at the Professor. The Professor looked at Mr. Johnson. Both looked at Pete. Pete looked at the great white-crowned top of Pinelico thirty miles away. Five minutes passed.

"Yer givin' of it slow gents, but a leetle too dam slow."

"What is it you desire us to give you, Mr. Snake?"

"The grand buzz—same as you did up at the Silver Spur."

"The what?"

"The racket!"

"Why we said we would give you one hundred dollars a month."

"Yes, but tell me again 'bout the rascals that are on your trail. I didn't ezackly git it straight."

"The rascals? Oh, the men who are after us."

"Now you have it."

And so Mr. Johnson told again about

the enemies who had sought to capture the Professor, of how they had bound his hands and tried to carry him away, and of how at last Mr. Johnson had planned a scheme to elude them, and of how after much journeying they had reached the terminus of the Dead Horse branch of the Rio Grande; and how even here the harsh discordant voices of the enemy could still be heard calling, calling, calling.

"I haven't heerd 'em shout—but then I'm a leetle deef," said Pete, making up a small white lie for the occasion.

Then there was another moment of silence, after which the scout knocked the ashes out of his pipe by striking it on his boot heel.

"Gents, there's two things to do. Git a few o' the boys together and fight 'em till hell freezes over, or skip fer the mountings as th' ole man said. As fer me I reckon the best thing to do"——

The explanation was cut short by a peculiar sound coming from the direction

of the Professor. "Ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka."

Mr. Johnson took it up too and his right arm went up in the air, then down and around, then faster and faster. The Professor was moving both of his hands in the same way—faster—faster—faster —"ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch,"——

Pete took his eyes off from the distant mountain long enough to glance at the strangers. Then he again brought forth the big, black plug of tobacco from his boot leg and refilled his pipe. As he struck a match, the Professor gave a long "whooo—whoooo-o-o-o"—Mr. Johnson came in with a "ding dong, ding dong, ding dong," and the arms moved slower and slower and finally ceased motion and hung listless.

Pete glanced at the two men and remarked: ——"is to stay an' fight 'em."

"No, no, no—we must get away from the railroad—They keep calling to us over the rails, we must get away," cried both men in unison.

The Legacy.

Pete still smoked. He was thinking.

That these two men were sorely distressed he well knew. Under such conditions any man might act peculiarly. That there were enemies after them he never doubted but it came to him that the enemies who were after them were officers of the law. In which case it would be best to take to the mountains.

Law to Pete was a pernicious scheme for interfering with the rights of honest men. Some of the best and most loyal friends he had ever known were fugitives—unfortunate men who had offended society and were obliged to flee. In fact all of the really good men he had ever known had at some time "skipped."

When Rattlesnake Pete got a clear view of any situation he always showed himself a man of decision.

He slid off the bowlder and announced: "Gents, we fly the coop in two hours—gimme that five hundred and I'll git the outfit. You two stay right here and lay low."

"Take it all—you can care for it better than I," said Mr. Johnson, and the brick shaped package was handed to the scout. Pete took the package as if used to handling that sort of thing every day, and dropped it inside his shirt front, gave a hitch to his trousers and disappeared among the willows.

He picked his way through the shadows of the underbrush and dodged along among the jagged rocks for nearly half a mile. Finally he came out through the sage and appeared in town at the complete opposite end from the big cottonwood tree. His sombrero was on the back of his head and his gait was careless and leisurely. As he walked he chewed a stick.

Arriving at the railroad station he sat down on the platform. A close observer might have made out that he was listening and furtively looking for some one.

He walked into the shanty-like building and stood at the entrance to the operator's room. That dignitary sat,

with back to the window at the little table, with fingers on the clicking instrument. He was a slight, gentlemanly young fellow from the East and like most railroad agents felt a proper degree of scorn for the public. He knew Pete was waiting at the window, yet he did not look around.

Pete heard the click of the key and he also could distinguish a plain buzzing sound that at times partially put itself into words. It was some one shouting, sure. The scout was no coward but that continual buzz and click made him feel a little queer. He tiptoed out, as he thought unobserved, and laid his ear down close to the rail. Yes, there it was, a plain, though muffled sound, of someone shouting and calling from miles and miles away!

It was the enemy coming in hot pursuit of his new found friends.

A desire to get away came over Pete; a tremor ran through his hardy frame and an uncanny feeling of evil seemed to

envelop him. He felt to see that the brick-shaped package was all right, that his pistols were in place and then he drew his belt one hole tighter, gave a swift glance behind and started for the hotel.

What was it agitated him? The Unknown.

The known may be alarming but the Unseen is terrible. It saps the springs of action and by it decision is shorn of strength. It is the miasma of the dismal swamp that shuts down and holds the victim in its soft embrace; the mist of the mountain top that conceals the precipice and yet says alluringly—"This way." It is the fog that hides the iceberg; the jungle that covers the tiger; the doubt that paralyzes will. We can cope with the defined: when Goliath comes forth on the open plain we fearlessly give him fight with nothing better than a sling and pebbles from the brook. But Goliath in a maze of mystery, Goliath shouting curses, guttural and deep,

from out the blackness of a cloud—ah! that is different.

Rattlesnake Pete's air of easy indifference had given place to apprehension; smothered, of course, but still there. The sauntering shamble was replaced by an eager, erect and alert attitude. He moved away.

The bar room was his first objective point.

Behind the rough board hotel, known as the Grand Central, was a corral wherein were kept a dozen or more horses. Bronchos they were, with ewe necks, rat tails and brands of various devices, burned deep on hip, neck or withers. These animals were the property of a speculator called "Kiuse Joe." This worthy man fitted out prospecting parties who went out into the mountains from time to time. When these parties came back, they had horses to sell and the Kiuse bought them at his own price.

Then suspicious strangers often rode in on sorry scrubs and being in haste to

catch the train would sell their nags at Kiuse Joe's first bid.

Whether Joe was like Cæsar's wife or not is entirely irrelevant. We are not here to investigate his character nor cast slurs on his business methods. Further than this the writer of this tale craves no libel suit, not even when he might claim "truth" and "justification" as a defense. But at any rate the corral behind the Grand Central at Dead Horse City was often a great convenience to the citizens.

You could get a horse there at a moment's notice. The price you had to pay of course depended entirely on the urgency of the case, just as the rate of interest at your banker's depends upon how much you need the loan; or as certain men advance the price of lumber if they see a neighbor fall off from the dock, so did the Kiuse's figures fluctuate.

If you rode up on a horse badly blown, that trembled on his legs when

you dismounted, Joe would take your tired horse and give you a fresh one for fifty dollars to boot. If however you had three days to spare, and would sit on the corral fence, and tell yarns and by your actions convince Joe that you did not want a horse, you might get a fairly good animal for fifteen dollars, provided you would stand treat. Another advantage of buying your horses of Joe—they were always warranted sound and kind.

Joe's live stock never saw oats: they interviewed alfalfa once a day and the rest of the time chewed on the cottonwood poles that formed the corral. Yet it must not be supposed that they were devoid of spirit. Cottonwood bark is said to make a broncho feel his worth more than any other variety of provender.

"I want three bronc's, Joe, git yer lariat, quick!"

Rattlesnake Pete's voice betrayed his anxiety. He had known Joe long and well and his innocent nature expected his old "pard" would respond to his

necessities. But the Kiuse had lived so long in town that civilization had tainted his honor.

"Haven't no bronc's to sell," growled Joe as he continued to whittle away on his stick, "what's the rush?"

"No animiles to sell! whose air these?"

"All engaged—who wants any?"

"*I* want 'em, you dirty prairie dog—you measly buzzard—I want 'em! name yer price an' jest remember that I'll find you with an empty catridge belt some day and you'll think a grizzly is after you. How much for my pick outer yer boneyard?"

"Now Pete, what's the use o' gittin' riled. I tole you the bronc's was sold—but in course, we are old fren's, p'r'aps I kin stand the other feller off—Take yer chice fer a hundred apiece."

"Git yer lariat, ye miserable road agent, an' rope the roan with the bar X brand, the claybank with the A. B. and the Pinto stud."

"How 'bout the dust?"

"Oh you think I haven't money—lookee this!"

Pete reached down into his shirt and brought up the big green package. He cut the strings that bound it and counted out the three hundred dollars. But when he came to tie the money up again the bills proved very obstreperous and the package swelled to double its former size.

The dealer in horse bones looked on with staring eyes.

"Here, let me give you a lift."

"Not you, kiute, git them horses I've overpaid you for."

The slippery bills refused to be "roped" and in desperation Pete thrust them into his bosom in three big handfulls.

Then he started out to find a sheep herder, who lived at the end of the street, who he knew had a pair of pack burros.

The herder was finally found and the burros purchased and paid for. They

were a mile away in the foothills but the sheepman promised to have them at the hotel in an hour.

But sheepmen hold truth lightly.

In the meantime Pete had improved each passing moment as it flew. He had taken just eleven drinks of what he was pleased to call "pizen" and this had quite called back the old time self. He was brave to rashness and cursed back under his breath at the voices that kept ringing in his ears. He had almost decided to wait until the enemy came up, and give them fight in the public street! But he happened to think of the two strangers down in the willows who were waiting for him. Besides he had promised to get them back in the mountains and he proposed to keep his word.

At the St. Louis Supply Store, across the street from the hotel, he bought saddles and bridles for his three horses, and a full camping outfit with a goodly supply of hard tack, bacon and coffee. Then three Winchester rifles and a

thousand rounds of ammunition were added to the purchase and Pete adjourned with the salesman across the way and threw dice for refreshments.

The scout went out and looked up the street anxiously from time to time for his pack burros. But they were not visible to the naked eye. Then he went back and took another drink, calling up the "boys." There was quite a large family of these boys, and their numbers seemed congested, about this time, around the Grand Central bar room. In fact excitement was a scarce article in Dead Horse and the fitting out of a prospecting party was quite an event. Especially so, as the two strangers had attracted considerable attention by their peculiar ways; and the truth had now gotten out that they had employed Rattlesnake Pete as their guide, treasurer, secretary and legal adviser. This news having been whispered by Pete to the bartender, while absorbing the seventh three fingers of "strychnine and logwood."

After drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, after the tenth drink, the further information was added, in strictest secrecy, that one of the "tenderfeet" was mayor of New York and t'other mayor of Boston.

Pete never got drunk; he was proof against any such weakness, but whiskey merely loosened his tongue a little. And all the time his senses were in good condition. He felt quite sure that the two strangers down in the willows were not exactly like other people, and he feared they would be ridiculed if he allowed them to come up into the settlement. His intention was to get the burros loaded and then take the horses down to the cottonwood and make the start from there.

But the burros did not come.

Sheepmen in general, sheepmen everywhere and this particular sheepman especially, were all well cursed and reviled as Pete went out and looked up the street for the twentieth time. No burros in

sight, but something else was: Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson walking hurriedly up the dusty road, hand in hand.

As soon as they saw Pete they ran to him, shook him by the hand and fell on his neck with joy. The scout took it as a matter of course and introduced them to the crowd as his old friends, the Mayor of Boston and the Mayor of New York. This the strangers evidently took as a necessary subterfuge on the part of the guide to hide their identity, so they made no protest.

Three cheers were given for the eminent visitors and all drank to their health at Pete's expense. The landlord stood on a chair and made a speech of welcome. The Mayor of New York was urged to reply. He did so and branched off on the subject of Co-Education. His speech was heartily applauded and the Mayor of Boston had taken the platform on the subject of The Microscope in Botany when the long looked for burros were announced.

There they stood—these two meek, patient bearers of burdens, in their modest grey, waiting the bidding of their new master.

Pete cast one glance of contempt on the sheepman : he would not waste breath by upbraiding so despicable a thing !

Willing hands brought forth the packs and camping outfit, and bound them onto the descendants of Balaam's *vis a vis*. It's a matter of science to tie a pack so as not to sow pans and kettles along the trail, but the volunteers had done this thing before. They tugged, and pulled, and swore, and those who did not work gave orders and advice to those who did, and helped on the task by many merry jests : off-color perhaps, so they cannot be given here.

The two Honorables from the cultured East stood apart from the crowd and looked on. Suddenly the jack opened his mouth and gave a long and most discordant bray. The mayors moved as one man and made a mad rush

for the door of the hotel. Finally they were induced to come out.

"What is in those bags?" asked the Professor of Rattlesnake Pete.

"Grub, man, what you s'pose?"

"Beg pardon—I did not understand?"

"Chuck, grub, hash, belly-timber."

"Oh, you mean food. Why I meant to tell you, we brought provisions from Boston. We thought we could get nothing here."

"That's right," put in the landlord, "they have five boxes o' stuff, I didn't know what it was fer, though!"

"Fetch 'em out," roared Pete.

Five men brought out five boxes, which bore labels as follows:

Zower's Cooked Oats.

Gloucester Boneless Cod.

Boston Baked Beans.

Boston Brown Bread.

Boston Health Coffee.

"Holy smokes—it's a queer kit, but put 'em on!" remarked Pete.

The boxes were piled upon the patient

burros, more rope was produced, more advice was tendered by the bystanders and then there were more oaths and merry jests. The boxes were at last secure.

They looked secure at least, but when the jenny gave a loud, long he-haw of protest and laid down and rolled, the vanity of human things was apparent.

The burro had gotten out of that pack as easily as a woman might out of a hoopskirt. Boxes and bags, guns and pans, packages and parcels were left in the dust and the jenny galloped lazily off up the street, while the jack, loving and loyal, with the mountain of sin on his back, hobbled after.

Jibes and jeers, flings and fleers, shouts of laughter and roars of mirth from the assembled populace ; while red curses both loud and picturesque came from Pete.

A man on horseback, who was viewing the scene, rode after the eloping burros, rounded them up, and brought them back. An expert put on the pack this

time; it stayed. Then the three bronchos that had been purchased from Kiuse Joe, and warranted sound and kind, were brought out.

The oldest veteran, and most saddle scarred, was selected for the Mayor of New York. He had never ridden on horseback and after Pete had mounted the animal to prove its docility and show him how, the Mayor was assisted into the saddle. The gold rimmed glasses and high hat and white hair were pathetically out of keeping with the big Mexican saddle and the bony broncho, but the crowd respected old age and was silent.

Then the Mayor of Boston mounted and showed by his actions that he had done the thing before.

"Take back that dun and gimme 'the Lamb,'" ordered Pete of Kiuse Joe.

This horse that the guide called for at the eleventh hour had considerable more than a local reputation. He had a pink muzzle, white eyebrows, one eye blue and one brown, and a limp tail that was

carried on the side. To the uninitiated he was innocent and free from guile, as his name suggested. He appeared as child-like as a bunco steerer, and as the residents of Dead Horse were a people fond of pleasantry, they called him the Lamb. The Lamb had been sold by Kiuse Joe seventeen times and bought back as many more at half price. He was the animal always selected for a tenderfoot who carried too much style.

When the Lamb was sold to a stranger word was quickly passed around, and out of the board shanties, the tents, and the dug-outs came the worthy citizens to see the proud aristocrat mount. Of course he was thrown and when he recovered (if he did recover) enough to protest he would ask Joe, "Why in heaven's name did you tell me that horse was kind?"

"He air kind—(kind-er full o' hell—) you must 'er aggerwated him somehow!"

Then the crowd would guffaw boisterously and various worthy citizens would come forward and swear in peculiar and

unique oaths that the horse was gentle as a lamb; the stranger would then have to buy distilled spirits and Kiuse Joe would buy the Lamb back at his own figure.

Yet if the rider could stick to the saddle for just five minutes he won the respect of the Lamb, and the citizens, and had a good horse—as good as there was in Joe's corral. Pete knew this, then the crowd knew that the Lamb was in the corral and Pete knew that the crowd knew it.

Pete's honor was at stake. He *had* to ride the Lamb and that was all there was about it.

The Rattlesnake led the horse out to the middle of the street, and pulled both girths tighter. He put his left hand into the check strap, and bunched the reins in his right, which was on the horn on the saddle. Then he put his left foot cautiously into the stirrup and watched the horse's blue eye.

The onlookers were breathless; for they remembered that the last man who

attempted to ride this horse was picked up in the stony street, with blood bursting from ears, eyes and mouth and that he never spoke after.

As the scout's weight was felt by the horse, the brute sank down and was still as death. It appeared simply as if the law of gravitation was pulling him to earth.

Quicker than lightning's flash he shot up in the air and forward. But the forward lunge merely drew Pete into the saddle. When the mad animal struck twenty feet away, the rider was astride but standing with his weight in one stirrup, so that the concussion which might have knocked the breath from his body was considerably eased.

Pete gave the horse no chance to rest —the spurs were applied so that the blood spurted; the big white sombrero was rolled into a club in a twinkling, and fell with a bang over the animal's head. There were jumps, kicks, rears and wild plunges, with that stifled mixture of

groan, grunt and screech which a mad horse makes; but the girths held. A good rider, but one less skillful, might have thrown the horse backward in one of those perpendicular rears, but Pete was an artist.

At last the broncho bounded forward like a racer, and shot down the long narrow street. Pete stood in one stirrup and raked the spur on his right heel from the horse's head to his tail; then drew his revolver and fired a volley into the air.

The crowd cheered.

In five minutes the Lamb and his rider jogged back on a sleepy fox trot.

All this time the two burros, with their loads piled high in the air, dozed in the sun. And the Mayor of New York and the Mayor of Boston sat astride their quiet steeds looking on in speechless horror.

"Now we're off! Follow me, gents, and you boys, start the burros."

Several volunteers, with kicks profuse and curses jocund, awakened the burros

and clubbed them forward. They also started the horses of the two strangers.

The sorry steeds bearing the Professor and Mr. Johnson moved. Moved slowly and leisurely, with lowered heads and dragging feet—moved right around the corner of the hotel to the corral.

Then the kind and courteous citizens led them back into the road. Again the stubborn brutes refused to leave their home—sweet home.

Sticks were produced and applied but with no other effect than to cause these thoroughbreds, that were warranted sound and kind, to bite at the legs of their riders, and kick out one foot as a cow will that has conscientious scruples about being milked.

Pete swore. Kiuse Joe declared that the animals had never balked before. Dozens of men gave advice. But the landlord decided on what to do; he told Pete to make a train of them. Pete for reasons of his own thought it best not to dismount, but every one present was

willing to do his bidding. The three horses were put in a line—one behind the other, with the guide in front, the Mayor of Boston next, the Mayor of New York following, next the jack and then the jenny. Each animal's halter was tied to the tail of the one in front.

Just then the Mayor of New York gave a loud "ding, dong ding" and his right arm moved up slowly, down and over, like the piston rod of a locomotive. The Mayor of Boston did the same, "ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka—" * * *

The crowd looked in wonder, but high above the sound of escaping steam came the voice of Rattlesnake Pete:

"Wait till I say when!"

The crowd stood ready. Some with clubs, some with sticks, some with hands on hip pockets.

Pete lifted his sombrero, and holding it above his head in mid air counted—"One—two—three—let 'er—went!"

There was a yell from a hundred throats—the clubs were brought down on

the burros, the sticks were applied to the horses—those who had no clubs and could get within reach gave a kick at the nearest animal—and the volley from revolvers made a din that raised wild echoes from the distant hills.

The train was off like a thunderbolt, with the Lamb in front plunging and kicking and snorting but always moving straight ahead. Away they went in a cloud of dust! The Mayor of New York clung for dear life. His high hat blew off, he lost his spectacles, his trousers worked up to his knees, but still he clung.

As for the Mayor of Boston he held fast, too, and yelled like a maniac—he seemed to enjoy it.

Down the street they went like Satan running away with the souls of men. They swung around into the trail a half mile away in an instant and were lost to view. As they turned the corner their speed was so great that a truthful onlooker has left on record the fact that "the jinny's tail snapped like a whip."

It was a great exit! It supplied Dead Horse City food for conversation for many moons.

II.

IT was a rough ride and a furious. But soon after making the turn into Sante Mino trail a loud "whooooo" was heard followed by a "ding dong, ding dong, ding" and Mr. Johnson's voice called:

"Reverse her—reverse her! apply your air brake, Mr. Snake, your air brake!"

Being now beyond the din of the crowd the horses were showing a desire for a more moderate gait. The burros were rather a heavy tail to the comet anyway, for a burro is conservative and has a great faculty for holding back. Pete turned in his saddle to view the cavalcade.

"Do you always—always—leave town like that?" asked Mr. Johnson from out of the alkali dust, as they slowed down to a walk.

"Sure—gener'ly a leetle faster though. Reckon we better stop and fix up the Mayor of New York."

It was time; the poor old Professor was a sorry sight. Fortunately his horse had not kicked or plunged, so by dint of close clinging to the horn of the big Mexican saddle he had been able to hold fast. But his hat and spectacles were gone, one end of his collar burst and his cravat was around under his left ear. His feet were out of the stirrups and his trousers had worked up clear to his knees, showing quite a space of bare leg, all chafed and bleeding from the dashing stirrups.

There he clung, his white hair blowing in the breeze, his eyes staring, and even after Pete had come to a dead stop, it took him a full minute to get his breath.

"My glasses—Mr. Snake, and my hat —back up I pray you—back up and get them," then feeling in his coat pockets, "and my note book, Mr. Snake, it bounced out of my pocket, back up I pray you!"

"How fur back air they?"

"Oh, a mile—back up and get my glasses."

"Couldn't you see Jagoold without 'em?"

"What's that—you do not think he is coming, do you?"

"Don't I? In course he is, he an' Sly and the whole dam raft.—There's no time to monkey 'bout hats and spec's and note books—You kin have my note book and my hat—here try this on!"

Pete had dismounted.

He came back and clapped his own big sombrero with its band of rustling, rattling snake tails onto the Professor's head, and knotted up a red bandana handkerchief as a cap for himself. Then he adjusted the old man's clothing as well as he could, placed his feet in the stirrups and told him how to sit properly in the saddle. The animals were then separated, the burros driven on in front, and by the help of much thumping from the guide were kept from vegetating.

The other two horses were now perfectly willing to follow, so all went well as the sun slowly settled down behind the mountain peak.

Ten miles perhaps had been made. The road so far had led along a gently ascending slope. Suddenly to the view, this slope opened out into a beautiful plateau which was skirted on one side by a murmuring mountain stream and on the other by piles of tumbled bowlders.

The last rays of the sun came through the divide and caused the great cottonwood trees to send out long shadows as if in the absence of mankind to greet the tired travellers. It was an ideal place to camp, for there were the three requisites: feed, water and fuel.

The horses had evidently been here before, for they turned off the trail of their own accord and came to a halt.

"Well, gents, here we camp," said the guide as he flung himself from his horse.

The Professor sat in his saddle until assisted to alight. He took no interest

in anything, but Mr. Johnson looked about as if pleased with the beauty of the place.

Pete slipped the saddles from the horses while the Professor sat on the grass and looked dumbly on. Then by the help of Mr. Johnson the burros were relieved of their burdens, like unto the good man in *Pilgrim's Progress* when about to enter the gates of Paradise.

The animals all drank a long and refreshing draught from the stream, then rolled on the grass, and getting up shook their sweaty hides with satisfaction. The jack rolled over four times, as if in glee, and arose to explain, braying a long ear-splitting bar of discord to prove his gratitude for getting rid of his mountain of sin.

The good old Professor was too worn and weary to be frightened. Perhaps, though, he had gotten acquainted with the jack by this time; but he could not even smile when Pete, busy making a fire of brushwood, called, "He's talkin' to

you, Uncle!" The fire was soon crackling merrily as Mr. Johnson, in compliance with the guide's orders, piled on more brush.

Then Pete produced fishing tackle out of the mysterious depths of the packs and began turning over logs and flat stones looking for bait.

The stream was only a brook in places —dancing over the pebbles that were magnified into precious gems by the clear, sparkling snow broth.

In one place the waters took a sudden plunge, making a miniature cataract that fell at the bottom only in mist. But right at this spot great, jagged rocks, hurled ages ago in wrath by the gods from the mountain summit, blocked the stream's hurried journey to the sea; so that a little Lake Pepin had been made, as if to enable children to sail their boats. But in the cold, clear depths of this little lake where the waters rested ere rushing onward, were trout galore: speckled, hungry, savage, gamy trout that

fought for the hook. Gentle Izaak Walton never saw such fish, for if he had the *Compleat Angler*, excellent as it is, would have resolved itself into an epic sublime as the *Iliad*, rich as *The Tempest*, "compleat" as *Hamlet* and as gladsome as the *Merry Wives*.

In five minutes enough brook trout were floundering on the fresh grass to make a meal for thrice three men.

"It's nearly equal to the Maine woods," said Mr. Johnson as he again cast his line.

"Maine woods b'damed!" answered Pete contemptuously, "Maine woods! I s'pose you caught that box of codfish in the Maine woods!"

Mr. Johnson made no reply; evidently the sport took him back to childhood's days, for it needed a stern swear word and an order from the grim guide to make him reel his line.

The fish were quickly cleaned, rolled in cracker dust, salted and peppered, then placed between layers of fat pork in the

"spider" over the coals. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes and Pete proved that he knew how to make coffee.

The guide stripped pieces of white birch bark off from a tree that stood near, which they used for plates.

The Professor still stupidly stared out in front, too tired to eat or even move. Mr. Johnson finally succeeded in getting him to take one of the birch bark plates and then to taste the fish. He seemed to relish the morsel. Then he drank a whole tin cup of the coffee and dumbly passed back his piece of birch bark for another trout and a roasted potato.

"That man haint dead yit—what an apesy he do have!" said the scout.

They all had an "apesy" in fact, for all the fish they had cooked were dissected. Pete made pretense of squeezing the coffee pot; Mr. Johnson polished the inside of the skillet with a piece of hard tack; then the guide flung his birch bark plate into the fire: an easy way to wash dishes. The two other men

mechanically did the same and all sat hugging their knees, watching the decorated tableware sputter and crackle and burst into flame.

No one spoke, but there was about them an atmosphere of content that comes with a full meal and a camp fire, the murmur of running water and the mountain twilight.

Pete produced his pipe and silently smoked. The Professor forgot all about his enemies and was too sleepy to start a train. Mr. Johnson seemed inclined to reverie as he watched the soft curling smoke. The drowsy hum of beetles, mixed with the melody of the waters, and all the muffled noises of the gloaming were joined to form the one great silence of the starry night.

A cold breeze was blowing gently down the valley and the guide got up and piled on more brush. The animals had eaten their fill and lain down to rest. Blankets were brought out and Mr. Johnson tenderly wrapped the Professor round,

making him a pillow out of a little pile of twigs and leaves, then laid him down, feet towards the fire, tucking him in as he might a child. More wood was thrown on the embers and Johnson, thoroughly tired, following the example of the guide, rolled himself in a blanket and placed a saddle under his head.

Only the faint stars and the great silver moon kept guard, and the soothing song of the brook was a lullaby that soon brought sleep: balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

IV.

PERHAPS they had slept four hours; slept soundly as men do after an exhausting series of events. The moon had gone down behind the mountain that lifted itself against the blue-blackness of the night. The stars shone as if they felt it their duty to make good the light that had been lost. It was quite dark. The wind increased and made a mournful, sighing sound through the swaying branches, and from far off across the valley came the dismal howl of a wolf.

The fire had burned low.

Still the men slept. The cool night air made them unconsciously draw the blankets over their heads.

Again the howl of the wolf and the screech of an owl from the distant foothills.

The horses were all up and grazing again. The jenny lying down, with the jack standing over her with lowered head.

Suddenly the Lamb lifted his head, thrust his ears forward, gave a snort and dashed away in a manner that tested the strength of the lariat. But it held.

Pete was awake in an instant and seizing the Winchester that was by his side, crawled out into the chaparral, to get away from any chance glare of the smouldering fire. Then he lay flat behind a bowlder and listened.

No sound was heard save the sighing of the wind and the noise of running water.

The scout could see by the aid of the sheet lightning that shone out now and then that the three horses were all standing expectant, with heads erect looking out down towards the trail.

Pete slipped around to the other side of the rock.

"What ever it air, it will come from

that side," said Pete to himself as he leveled the rifle across the bowlder.

He waited.

There was a sound of approaching steps and Pete could make out a man on horse-back riding slowly forward.

The rifle rang out on the night air and the ball cut the leaves of the cottonwood far above the head of the stranger.

"For God's sake, Pete, let up on that —don't you know me!"

The empty cartridge was pumped out and replaced with another.

"That you Pete?"

The figure in the darkness stood still.

"Don't you know me Pete, it's me—Kiuse Joe. Some one's run off two of my horses—Haven't heard any one go by, have you?"

"Nary a one."

Pete was suspicious. This man was a rogue and not over brave as the guide knew; and his coming at this time of night and alone after a horse thief was a little more than Pete could believe. But

the fellow told a very plausible story—about the horses being taken from the corral just at eleven o'clock, of how the loss had been accidentally discovered and the trail followed for several miles when it was lost.

"They must a turned off back at the ford for no one has come by here," said Pete.

"Wall, if you don't keer I'll just git warm by your fire and soon as mornin' comes I'll pike back and find their tracks," returned the Kiuse.

"I'll excuse you if you pike back to wunst."

"Why Pete, you wouldn't go back on a fellar that way would you?"

"Go back on you, you sneak—yes, if you want to put it so—fact is, I've no use for you, now don't come no closer!"

"All right, Pete, you're mighty cranky but I'm no man to quarrel. I'm an honest peac'ble man, I am. Just let me git a light for my pipe at your fire and I'll say good night."

The man had dismounted and now came forward leading his horse. Pete lowered his rifle and allowed the fellow to approach the fire. The man sat down and bringing out his pipe filled it and handed the tobacco over to Pete without saying a word. Pete took the proffered plug, brought forth his own pipe and then sat down. There they sat, these two, in the flickering light of the dying fire and quietly smoked. Pete sat where he could note the slightest move of the man, his rifle across his knees. Each moment he intended to order the caller to be gone, and yet he was half ashamed to be so inhospitable to one against whom he merely had a prejudice.

Pete surveyed the man with one eye and all the time Joe sat there calmly smoking and looking into the fire; his horse with lowered head standing meekly behind. Off to the east faint streaks of silver grey light stood out against the horizon. Pete was calculating how soon it would be sun-up and wondering if it

would not be much more manly to let the visitor stay, give him his breakfast and then let him go of his own accord than to order him off at the muzzle of a Winchester. In fact he was on the point of apologizing for his incivility when a sound from behind as of a breaking twig caused him to spring to his feet.

It was too late. Before he had reached an upright position he was borne to the ground by two men, one of whom had clasped his legs and the other was on his shoulders. He fell heavily.

They pinned him fast and had gotten a lariat twice wrapped around and knotted about his body and tied about his wrists before he recovered his breath.

There he lay, hands and feet tied; one ruffian standing over him with the Winchester and the other feeling in his pockets.

And all the time Kiuse Joe sat and smoked.

Pete cursed and kicked and struggled to get his hands free, but in vain. Then

he managed to partially sit up, but a push and a kick set him back to earth. There was a shout of triumph when several handsfull of much crumpled green paper were pulled out of the shirt front of the helpless victim.

This brought Kiuse Joe to his feet.

"Here you, give that here!"

"But you haint goin' to forgit that a quarter of it is mine!"

"That's straight," put in the third man, "we had a clar understandin' 'bout that—one quarter to each of us—That leaves you the hog's share."

"But by the great jee-hoss-afat who was it struck the lead anyway? You know dam well both of you that it was me located the claim!"

The man holding the Winchester stepped back four paces and in a voice unnecessarily calm, said:

"Just give us our share of the wad now."

Kiuse Joe's voice changed a trifle as he answered, "All right—but the two

tenderfeet that was with him—have they vamosed for good, think you?"

"They air two mile off and runnin' hard, I'll bet. When Pete popped the Winchester they broke for cover like gazelles—Come, the green stuff, divide now like an honest man!"

"Oh you needn't be oneasy, you know I'll do the squar thing, we'd better finish the job first. The tenderfeet air sick anyway, but Pete here must be fixed. If we let him go"——

"Here Joe, you're talkin' too much with your mouth—you know we will have nothin' to do with that part of it. You give us our share and we will skip—that's what we agreed."

The man still stood off, holding the rifle in his hands and toying with the lock.

"Well, here she goes," said Joe.

He shook up the fire so as to get a better light; then getting down on his knees he cut the string of the package and laid the money out in four piles.

"Here now gents two of these is mine and one each is yourn. We will pull straws for first pick."

Four blades of grass were gathered and the three men half sat, half crouched over the four piles of money. Each man seemingly expecting that the others would make a grab.

There was a nervous wrangling about who should hold the straws. It was finally decided that they were to be put in a bunch under a hat so that the ends were barely visible. This was done and the three men were each over on all fours intent on seeing fair play. Joe was to draw first. He was just reaching forth his hand, and the cat-like eyes of the others were upon him, but he did not draw—something else happened.

He fell forward senseless, his face ploughing through the sand and his body covering the four piles of money.

A heavy club had swung through the air and descended on the back of his head; for Johnson had lain in the sage

brush all the time only ten yards away. He had witnessed the whole performance. When the enterprising business men had forgotten all else in the pulling of straws, Johnson tiptoed forward and dealt the blow. With a yell like the scream of a panther he threw himself on the taller man. The fellow had gotten to his feet, and although he was a powerful man he had met his match in the college athlete. Johnson grappled with him and quickly worked him toward the precipice. Then there was a quick scuffle on the brink, heavy breathing, the pause of an instant when each man stood still, his muscles knotted like coiled wire.

But Johnson's strength was the strength of a maniac.

He surprised his victim by releasing his hold of him: threw himself half under him—the cross-buttock did it, and the man went crashing through the slippery shale—down, down, down—through cacti and briers and over jagged rocks. He tried to seize a small tree that was

near, but the roots gave way—it was gravitation pulling him down and the rocks above loosened by his fall, chased after, rattling 'round his head. Down, down, down—the sound of slipping and sliding grew less and then there was heard only a faint splash as the torn body shot out over the last projecting cliff and fell into the icy water below.

And all the while Rattlesnake Pete lay tied, helpless. He had seen Johnson approach with upraised club. He saw the blow fall. He saw the struggle on the edge of the precipice and all the time he heard the sound of hoof-beats dying away in the distance. One of the callers had made a wild and unceremonious rush for freedom. That panther's screech and scream had made safety his only wish.

Johnson stood absent-mindedly at the edge of the precipice for several seconds after that ominous splash was heard.

"Here you, Mayor of Bosting, air you goin' to let a feller lay here and die?"

Pete was half sitting up, twisting and writhing with the lariat like the Laocoon of old.

Johnson followed orders, getting a knife out of Pete's belt and cutting the ropes.

Pete stood up and flung his arms out.

"It made my hands go asleep—that's all. Where's the Perfesser of Goshology —I hope he did not miss seein' the fight —But Lord, you did that well—I'm proud on you Johnsing—proud on you."

Rattlesnake Pete piled buffalo chips and brush on the fire, lit his pipe, and then paid his respects to Kiuse Joe. The man had received a hard blow on a vulnerable spot. He was still insensible—breathing deeply at long intervals.

Pete lifted the limp form off from the "promises to pay" and replaced the bills in his shirt front. Then an attempt was made to get the injured man into a sitting posture, but he rolled over like a sack of salt.

"He may be playin' possum. If he's

dyin' it won't do no harm for him to go to hell with his hands tied," and Pete fastened the unprotesting hands and feet very much as he himself had been tied so short a time before.

Meanwhile Mr. Johnson had gone out in the brush and brought in Professor Wilson. The old man was trembling with excitement so he could scarcely stand. He looked at the helpless form of Kiuse Joe and a gleam of relief came over his ashen face as he asked:

"Is it Flood or is it Van Slye?"

"It's Jagoold" answered Pete, "Sly and Flood flew the coop."

"Oh if you could only catch them all!" moaned the Professor.

"We will yet, if they try to follow us," soberly answered Johnson.

Pete looked at Mr. Johnson. He saw that the man was in earnest. Mr. Johnson too thought that these three robbers were enemies in pursuit of Professor Wilson.

It was near daylight.

The Legacy.

The sun's red rays were coming up, grand and resplendent, right out of the distant plain that swept away like a tideless, changeless sea. The foliage was dripping with dew that stood in crystal beads on each leaf and flower.

Birds chirruped in the bushes or sang in the tree tops and the loud drumming of a woodpecker could be heard coming from an old stump across the gorge. The murmur of the stream seemed more musical than before, and the distant mountain tops to the west—snow-capped—glistened like burnished silver. The horses were peacefully munching their feed; the donkeys were each lovingly scratching the other's shoulder with their teeth; Pete was busily preparing breakfast.

Very savory was the aroma of the coffee and very peaceful was the scene; save only for a pile of something that lay off to one side, covered with a blanket.

From under this blanket protruded the spurred boots of a man.

V.

AS the scout stood by the fire munching a biscuit, which he held in one hand, a tin cup of coffee in the other, even a casual observer could not have failed to see two large red marks about his wrists. These lines looked like bracelets. But the exciting events of the night had not interfered with Pete's appetite. Not so Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson: they sat before the fire silent and barely tasted the food; yet they seemed relieved to think that for the present their enemies were vanquished.

Both were thinking—thinking hard.

"It was self-defense," whispered the Professor.

"Yes, they attacked us."

"If you are arrested I think we can prove it."

"Yes, but the thought of killing a man —It is awful to contemplate!"

"Who's killed anybody," barked Pete, "then what if you have! There's heaps o' men need killin'. 'Sides that if you take a look over the side o' that canyon and let your off eye run down the stream 'bout fifty yards you'll see where your man crawled up the bank— Just swum across and got out on t'other side."

Both men ran to the edge and stared at the spot pointed out. It did appear as if the dew on the swale had been disturbed.

"Oh, I'm relieved to think that he was not killed—I think he has been taught a lesson though," said Mr. Johnson.

"And as for this un under the blanket," continued Pete, "he had heart disease anyhow; but like enough he'll live to be hung yet, for I jest seed him move —Wait 'till I have 'nother cup o' coffee and we'll set on the case—I'm a Justice the Peace, I am."

Pete drank his coffee with needless deliberation. Before he had finished the blanket was moving with animation and angry swear words were heard coming from beneath.

"How that gentleman do cuss, it's what you call blas-fee-mus—But I reckon he won't get his claws loose—there's heaps o' things I can't do, but I kin rope!"

Pete stripped the blanket off and asked:

"How you feelin' Joe?"

But Joe was full of strange oaths and modern instances as he struggled to free his hands. Soon his mood turned to penitence and he begged that they would let him go, offering to pay any sum desired for sweet liberty. He protested that he knew nothing about the two other men who had tied Pete. The good old Professor's heart was touched by these appeals, and he suggested untying the lariat.

"Never, never!" shouted Pete, "he'd watch his chance and kill us all."

Kiuse Joe shed many tears and begged hard for mercy, but Pete stood firm, only at last consenting that Mr. Johnson should place the man in a sitting posture. Then the Professor fed the prisoner—fed him as he might a baby—stooping before him and putting morsel after morsel into his mouth.

About this time something was seen protruding from one of Joe's pockets, at sight of which Pete had a mock convulsion and swore he was deathly sick.

"My innards haint right. I feel as if I had been bit by a rattler," he groaned.

He reached down and drew from the pocket a flask partially filled with whiskey. He held it up to the light, smiled and said:

"Thankee, I never drink, but seein' it's you, Joe, and you was so kind as to fetch it for me—purpose for me—here's looking at you and hopin' you'll find your horses."

A prolonged gurgle was heard and the flask was well nigh emptied.

"It's dam poor stuff," said Pete meditatively, "that is to say all whiskey is good but some is gooder than others. This is not the best, but just fairlee good. I'm sorry I've nothin' better to offer you, gents!"

He passed the bottle to the Professor, who declined it: next to Mr. Johnson. Johnson took the bottle and flung it far into the bushes.

Pete stared hard, but he met a gaze that was as steady as his own. Then he smiled—a smile that drew a trifle tight around the corners of his mouth. Then he whistled, and reaching over, a well worn pack of cards was brought out of one of Joe's bootlegs where it kept company with the plug of tobacco.

Squatting on the ground he pushed his sombrero on the back of his head, shuffled the cards, and solemnly holding them out to the Professor asked him to cut.

"I have no knife," answered the old gentleman.

The scout made no answer but shuffled again and dealt out three piles of five cards each. Then he turned the hands and announced with dignity straight at Kiuse Joe:

"Pris'ner, you've been caught in the act, holdin' up the most innercent gent in this neck o' woods—There's no defens and in order that perfect justice be did (for I'm a Justice of the Peace) I've throwed the kyards to see whether it's the canyon, the lariat or the Mazeppy act, and on a square deal it's the lariat and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner grew livid and the sweat started out on his forehead. The terror on his face would have moved a heart of stone. He tried to plead, to beg, to pray, but the words were only a confused jumble. Then he coughed as a cow does when she has found feathers in her hay. Pete was adamant. Like most ignorant men he at times considered himself a section of the Day of Judgment, and his sense of justice thus smothered his

charity. Johnson very imperfectly understood the little speech of Rattlesnake Pete but he guessed its import.

"What are you going to do with him?"

No answer, but a series of pantomimic moves ending with an upward jerk of one thumb above his head.

"You mean to hang him?"

"I'm sorry, but the kyards decided it!"

"But you suggested some other form of punishment?"

"Yes, the canyon!"

"Throw him over the canyon? Horrible! it would be murder."

"Yes, I know it's murder—you sent one feller over yourself before breakfast!"

"I? But I had too, man: but what is that other you mentioned?"

"Oh, the Mazeppy act—don't you know? a young feller read us about it from a book up at Brown's Ranch—used to read ev'ry night in the winter in

the bunk house. It's a way the injuns in Turkey have.—Tie a man on his horse and send him off!"

"If we tie this man on his horse would the horse take him home?"

"In course."

"Well, we will tie him on his horse and send him home!"

"But 'bout the kyards!"

"What about the cards?"

"They say hang him!"

"Yes, we will send him home," broke in the old Professor, "we will send him home. Perhaps he has a wife"——

"Lord help him, yes—he has a wife, I forgot!" Pete smiled a cynical bachelor leer.

"We will send him home," again spoke Mr. Johnson.

Pete turned and looked at Johnson. He saw something in his face that he had not discovered before. Pete prided himself on being a judge of human nature—now inwardly he acknowledged he had been mistaken, mightily mistaken:

Johnson was no weakling. "We'll send him home—to his wife!" echoed Pete.

"Oh, God bless you, boys—gents I mean—God bless you. I'm sick, send me home." This gutteral roar of thanks came from the prisoner.

Pete heeded him not but repeated as if speaking to himself:

"We'll send him home—we'll send him home—we'll tie him on a horse and send him home———on the Lamb."

"Oh! for heaven's sake, not the Lamb. I'm an old man—I'm forty-six las' June. He'll kill me—one buck and I'm done, or he'll lay down and roll with me. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" groaned the Kiuse.

"We'll send him home on the Lamb," repeated Pete as he very deliberately filled his pipe. "Have a smoke, Joe?"

Joe was getting more quiet and signified his desire to smoke. A pipe was fished out of one of his pockets and filled by the Professor's own hands. Then Johnson dragged the unfortunate man to a bowlder near by where he could be

propped up, the pipe was placed in his be-whiskered mouth. Pete lighted the pipe and the fellow puffed away with genuine relish.

Pete had gone off toward the horses; and now that matters had taken on a more agreeable outlook the Professor and Mr. Johnson turned towards breakfast.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out.

Johnson and Professor Wilson dropped their tin cups and the Professor jumping with alarm started to run. Turning to glance back he was much relieved to see Pete laughing. But Kiuse Joe did not smile. He spoke and Mr. Johnson noticed that he was no longer smoking.

"It's a dirty trick Pete, you know dam well I never shot a pipe out o' your mouth!"

Pete had now taken the saddle from Joe's horse and was putting it on the Lamb. Joe's horse was a good one—worth two such as the Lamb.

Pete called Mr. Johnson over to him and explained that the horse called the

Lamb was so called on account of its docility—when away from Dead Horse City.

"A reg'lar pet—a ladies' horse. If I was married I'd buy him for my mother-in-law."

"You see," continued Pete, "I bought all o' these animiles of Joe, and through mistake I got the Lamb 'stead o' the one there which I bought, so we'll just send Mister Kiuse home on the ladies' pet.''

Joe's hands were tied behind him but his feet were loosened so he could walk. Having escaped death he was partially reconciled to any other fate. He was led over to the horse that stood meekly awaiting its rider. A lift, a push and a shove and Joe was in the saddle—his feet tied under the horse, three wraps of the rope were run around his body and tied to the horn of the saddle and then knotted.

"Start him easy-like—start him easy-like, for God's sake," groaned Kiuse Joe.

"Oh, he's gentle enough—don't you see, Johnsing?"

"Surely the horse is very docile," said Mr. Johnson. "Yes, yes, very gentle, very gentle," echoed the old Professor.

What was Pete doing?

Mr. Johnson could not make it out. He did after a minute, but it was too late. Pete had worked the horse up by degrees near to the smouldering fire, and had run the ends of the lariat that remained after tying the man on, over and around the horse's tail and then tied the rope to the end of a branch of a tree that lay in the fire.

Johnson tried to protest but Pete gave an "injun yell," at the same time kicking the horse and firing his revolver in the air.

The frightened animal made a mad bound forward, kicked frantically; the burning branch jumped and struck the rider over the head—and then there was only a display of fireworks, all obscured in a cloud of flying gravel and alkali

dust that went like a cyclone down the trail toward Dead Horse City.

"I reckon," said Pete, "I reckon they will make the settlement in less than a nour at that rate!"

VI.

WHEN the cloud of dust marking the rapid progress of Kiuse Joe was lost to sight down the valley, the Professor heaved a sigh of relief.

Pete was already busy putting the packs on the burros. Johnson was saddling the horses. The last remains of the smouldering fire were put out with water carried from the stream.

"We ought'er been off long ago—an' would too, if it wasn't for that pesky visitor—but all through life you finds skeeters!" said Pete. The effect of Joe's whiskey was still in his blood and he gave a ra, ta, ta, ta, ra, ta—bugle call in imitation of "Boots and saddles."

The Professor tried to mount, but his legs were too stiff and sore to accomplish the feat. The hard ride of the day before had chafed and bruised his anatomy

until he could not sit in the saddle without positive misery.

"I didn't live two years with the Siouxs for nothin'," remarked Pete, and this worthy proceeded to cut two tall, slender young cottonwood trees, that were soon divested of their branches. These poles were placed on either side of the Professor's horse and fastened by an improvised breast collar, thus making a long, springy pair of shafts, the lower ends of which dragged on the ground. A blanket was swung between and pinned in place with wooden skewers. Then the old man was gently lifted into this home-made hammock and the cavalcade started.

Winding up the gently ascending trail that led along the side of the mountain, with the guide ahead and Johnson behind to keep up the lagging burros, they made their way.

For two hours they thus rode—the scout uttering not a word. Johnson was interested, just as any young man would be in the novelty of the scene, and now

and then he called to the Professor, endeavoring to arouse him from what seemed to be a hopeless stupor. But the old man lay with closed eyes and answered not.

After five miles of slow travel they reached a spot where a great rock seemed to block the roadway. At the base of this mighty bowlder there was a tiny spring. Pete dismounted and scooping out the sand, lay flat down and drank; Johnson did the same and the Professor was induced to try it too. Then more sand was dug out and the animals, one at a time, were allowed to slake their thirst.

"I would like to analyze this water—it seems to have peculiar mineral qualities." It was the first time the Professor had shown any interest in anything on the route—or in fact for many days. Johnson was pleased.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "and how it seems to gush right from the very rock itself."

"As if Moses had smitten it—as he

did in the wilderness of Zin. I must make a note of it for the class."

"P'rhaps Mose did it, it's the wilderness of sin anyway," spoke Pete, who was filling his pipe.

"Ah, I'm glad you see the allusion—you have read Scripture?"

"The which?"

"Scripture—the Bible."

"Oh, yes—that is—we allus swear folks on a bible in court—I'm a Justice of the Peace, I am."

The old man had seated himself on a ledge by the roadside and was looking out across the valley.

"I was trying to think, Mr. Johnson, who the gentleman was who had breakfast with us this morning—what was his name did you say?"

"I do not know his name, he was a robber."

"A thief and a robber? no, no, he was insane—you tied his hands—too bad, too bad, we should have cared for him. Was it Van Slye?"

"No, it was not Van Slye."

"Then it was Mr. Sarony?"

"No, this man was not after *us*, he wanted only our money."

"Yes, but that is all Sarony and Van Slye wanted, you said, yet they tied my hands and would have carried me away had you not rescued me. Has the class come in yet, Mr. Johnson? Dismiss it please, tell them one of my old headaches has come back—to-morrow at the same hour. Where is Celeste?—Ask her to come bathe my head. Yes, Celeste can cure it—her touch is very gentle—call Celeste, Mr. Johnson, call Celeste!"

Pete's pipe had gone out and he had lost all disposition to joke as he stood with staring eyes listening to the prattle of this white haired man. He could not make it out: he glanced at Johnson and thought he saw something like a tear rolling down his cheek. In presence of danger Pete was not afraid, and amid most emergencies was ready. In fact his senses were only alert when stimulated by the extraor-

dinary, but here was something that struck him speechless, something with which he could not cope. And when the old man laughed a loud hollow laugh that died away into a moan, Pete's brick-dust complexion turned yellow, and his pipe fell from his mouth.

"Who is the old gent axin' for?" he asked Johnson in a hoarse whisper.

"His daughter—Celeste."

Pete turned, walked away three paces, placed a hand each side of his mouth and in a voice that might have been heard two miles, roared:

"Celesty, Celesty—Oh-h-h Celesty—your father wants you!"

Then he came back to the old man and said in a tone that was designed to be gentle, "I've sent for her, Uncle, she'll be here in a minute."

"Oh, I'm glad. She can make me well, she knows just what I want. You are the Doctor, aren't you—not the one who tied me though—Don't let them tie my hands, Mr. Johnson—don't let Sarony

in if he calls, or Jay Gould—ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ding, dong, ding,"——

Pete put his arm around the old man and laid him in the hammock and then dipping a handkerchief in the spring he bathed the throbbing temples as tenderly as a woman might.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are here, daughter—dear Celeste, your old father needs you—I knew you would come, your touch has healing in it," and the helpless man held tight to the calloused and grimy hand of Rattlesnake Pete.

"Yes, daddy, I'm here—I'll stand by you—I'm here—I'll take care of you." The scout paused and gulped hard as he tried to think of something to do. "Yes, daddy, I'll take keer on you—dam me if I won't."

The sudden illness of the Professor had quite unnerved Mr. Johnson and he could only look on in dismay.

"It's good twenty mile to the next water, we must light out to wunst," said Pete.

"Can't we stay here? The Professor may die on the road," answered Johnson.

"No feed here—we have got to git. Th' ole man has a hell of a fever—but if we kin make The Glades we kin take keer on him."

So they covered the sick man with twigs and green branches, placing a wet cloth about his head, and started forward. The sun had now come out hot and the alkali dust arose in clouds from the dragging feet of the tired animals. All that long, lonesome afternoon they rode in the scorching heat and Pete spoke never a word. Now he rode ahead, then he would swing around behind to club along the lazy burros. No sight of animal life was to be seen, save a solitary wheeling buzzard that floated on outstretched wings through the sultry air and seemed to follow the travelers.

The sun was already lost behind the mountains when "The Glades" was reached. A small plateau, it was, of

green grass and wild sunflowers and several tall trees that were watered by the melted snow on the mountain side.

But the one thing that gave a quaint picturesqueness to the scene was a deserted house, made of logs clumsily put together and chinked with the hard yellow soil. The house had a dirt roof that had partially fallen in. There was one big room but no windows and the structure was built solidly as if to withstand a siege, either from an armed force or a howling storm, or both. The heavy battened door responded to the guide's kick and swung open on its creaking wooden hinges. An owl flew out with a screech of alarm, and bats disturbed dashed toward the chimney. There were bunks of rough boards along one end of the room and a big fire-place at the opposite end made from logs and plastered over with mud; a dirt floor pounded down hard, but not a vestige of furniture. Several of the berths were partially filled with dried leaves, howing that other

occupants had used the camping ground. Into one of these bunks the old man was placed: he was now so weak he could scarcely lift his head.

Johnson made a fire in the fire-place, for the air was already getting chilly, and Pete went out to attend the animals. Part of the camping outfit was brought inside and it was not long before supper was ready. The sick man ate very little, but after his clothing had been removed and he had been rolled up by Pete in warm woolen blankets, his fever seemed to subside and in half an hour he broke out into a gentle perspiration and fell asleep.

The guide and Mr. Johnson sat before the fire that sent long fitful streaks dancing among the rafters overhead. Pete smoked in silence—something seemed to be weighing on his mind. At last he spoke:

"See here pardner—you're white—there's not much style 'bout you, and you aint good lookin' but you air on the

squar. An' so am I. But I acted like a fool this mornin', I'm a fool anyway, but when in licker I'm a dam fool. That's why I chinned so. Now I'm done—will you shake?"

So they shook hands—did these two. This man who could not read print without it was "easy;" and the man who spoke Greek and Latin as readily as his native tongue. They shook hands in the grim light of the dying fire, in that windowless cabin, and they looked into each other's faces and they each saw mirrored in the eyes of the other the soul of a brave and honest man.

They were vastly different yet alike. They both had the fearlessness of innocence, they both had lived in solitude—one the solitude of nature, the other the solitude of books. Neither knew the wisdom of the world—both lived near to nature's heart, and they were each made of the stern stuff of which martyrs and heroes are made. Neither was aware that sentiment or poetry had any place in

his heart, but that hand-clasp in the night, as the sick man slept and the moon and mountain kept guard outside, was filled with an affection so disinterested, so sincere, that a maiden might have coveted it.

"Johnsing—you're a man, I've knowed it all day and I thought my heart would bust if I didn't tell you I was sorry I made fun o' you. You come from the States and I know that heaps of good men git in trouble thar. Never mind, I'm your friend! It may be you held up a train, or the old man might have been pres'dent of a bank and you cashier and you scooped the wad—but you had a perfect right to do it—that's what I'll maintain 'gainst all hell! Or it may be a woman case—no matter, you needn't tell me, it's your business, not mine. This is your money in my shirt, all the animiles and campin' kit is yourn and I'm your friend!"

So they shook hands again, and then they tiptoed over to the bunk where the

sick man slept. Pete turned down the blanket and these two men looked at the anxious furrowed face in its wreath of white hair, just as fond parents take a loving good-night look at their sleeping babe.

Then these men looked at each other and smiled for they knew that all was well. They covered the old man as they might a child, and Johnson climbed into one of the bunks while Pete rolled himself in a blanket and with a rifle in his grasp, lay down against the door with the big awkward wooden hinges.

And so they slept—slept seven hours without waking; slept until the bats and the big white owl, who in partnership owned the cabin, saw signs of approaching day and made haste to come flying homeward, and with noisy flap of wing sail in at the hole in the roof; each to find his own soft place to hang or roost until sunset should come again.

VII.

PETE awakened with a start—stood up, stretched himself "to get the sleepy feeling out of his tips" and then stirred the smouldering fire.

The old gentleman looked out from his bunk with an air of bewilderment.

"Hello, Uncle," called Pete, "aint this jest right, parlor, sittin' room, kitchen an' upstairs all in one!"

"Is it your house, Mr. Snake?"

"Yes, in course—my wife is on a visit to her mother, so things aint jest right but we can git along I reckon!"

"How did we get here—I do not remember!"

"Oh, you was a leetle lush las' night—so you do not recoleck."

"I do not understand, Mr. Snake!"

"Well, never mind—you're all squeedunk now—aint he Johnsing?"

Mr. Johnson had just finished drawing on his boots and had now placed one hand tenderly on the forehead of the old man.

"Your expression is a trifle technical, Mr. Snake, but if you intend to say that Professor Wilson is much better, I certainly most heartily agree with the sentiment."

The scout was perplexed.

"Once more please!"

Johnson repeated the remark exactly as he had at first stated it.

"Is he sick?"

"No," answered Johnson.

"Well, why in tarnashun couldn't you say so then?"

Johnson assisted the old man to dress and after bathing his face with water brought from the spring, seated him before the fire-place. The boxes containing provisions were used for chairs.

Pete had seen that the horses were all right. The sick man was much better; the morning was beautiful and Pete was

in good humor. A man who can joke before breakfast is not wholly depraved.

"Wall, gents, what will you have for breckfuss—jest name it and the cook will purceed to do the act," and he made pretense of balancing the skillet on his nose.

Mr. Johnson and the Professor conferred together in an undertone for a moment while Pete busied himself among the packages.

"Mr. Snake," said Johnson, "for myself I will take fish balls, toast and baked beans. The Professor will take the same except that he wants the toast brown on one side only—Two cups then of the Health coffee—one cup weak."

Pete stood silent, then made a show of looking for a club.

"And gents, may I ax where the Health coffee is?"

"In this box."

Pete knocked the lid off from the box and proceeded to examine the contents of the packages. After smelling, tasting

and looking at it he declared that the stuff was not coffee at all.

At times Pete was as quarrelsome as an English sparrow; and this happened to be one of the times.

"Of course it is not coffee, it is a patent preparation made from bran. It is a brain food—rich in phosphates and especially strengthening for the nerves!"

"An' yet you call it coff!" argued Pete.

"Why, yes."

"Gents, kin you make coff outer brown paper with the help of a yaller label an' a paste brush?" persistently asked the guide.

"We are from Boston," answered the Professor.

"An' this codfish—what's that fer—to bait traps fer skunks?"

"It contains a large per cent of phosphorous and"——

"Wall, gents, none of it goes into *my* spider—It's pizen—rank pizen."

But all the while Pete was making the

Health coffee and putting the codfish in the skillet preparatory to cooking it.

Then he knocked the cover off of a box marked *Bunker Hill Baked Beans.*

A can was opened and the contents examined.

"It's the color of a cinnamon bar and smells like buzzard bait, but if you say warm it, I'll warm it."

"We say warm it."

"Wall I say dam it, but here she goes!"

And so he warmed the beans and boiled the coffee, all the time swearing that he would do neither and declaring he would go out and browse on cactus before he would eat such stuff. But when he poured out the coffee he filled three cups. Then he set the skillet of beans on a box and all three men drew up seats and began to eat, dipping into the skillet with forks. Pete ate as much as the other two and was pouring out his third cup of the Health coffee when Mr. Johnson asked:

"Mr. Snake, how far away is the nearest grocery?"

"Oh—not far—'bout sixty mile—shall I run over and git you five cents worth o' chewin' gum?"

"No, Mr. Snake, but from the way you eat our provisions will not last long."

"Don't mind me, Johnsing—This sort of grub is what made you and the old man sick. I'm tryin' to git er outer the way."

"So we see."

This response came from the two men: they spoke exactly in unison: evidently through some mystic psychic influence.

"How much tobacco did you bring gents?"

"We never use tobacco—it's a filthy, dirty weed," spoke the Greek chorus.

"Oh, you don't say!"

"Yes, only one worm in the whole realm of entomology will eat it"——

"Wall, count me in as jest that sort o' worm o' the dust."

"We will, we will."

Still they spoke as one man. It startled the guide. He roared out:

"This is no singin' school! you give me gooseflesh! Can't you talk 'cept like twins?"

"We can, we can!"

This was too much for Pete's nerves. He strode out of the door, somewhat hastily, on pretense of looking after the horses.

He soon came back and after eyeing his charges suspiciously, entered and took the skillet of codfish off from the fire. But neither the Professor nor Mr. Johnson cared to eat it. It seemed to be burned or something.

"It's not like my mother used to make," said Johnson after smelling of it.

"Don't throw up to me what your mother uster make!" spoke the guide peevishly.

"I might if I ate much of your cooking."

VIII.

A SUMMER morning in the Rocky Mountains is a foretaste of heaven. The first warm rays of the sun are so grateful—they seem to liberate a delicious quality in the atmosphere that soothes, invigorates, and half intoxicates. On some systems its acts like laughing gas. Then things always look better after breakfast anyway; and when Mr. Johnson led the old gentleman out of the cabin and they sat down on a great rock in the sunshine and looked across the stretch of mesa, they each clasped the hand of the other as lovers might in recognition of a mutual joy.

So they sat hand in hand contemplating the scene. The old gentleman was very sore and lame from his much shaking up in the hammock: he could not ride on horseback.

"Never mind, I'll buy him an elephant and a velvet cushioned what-do-you-call-it for him to ride in," said Pete with mocking irony.

"You mean a howdah," spoke up Mr. Johnson.

"Yes, a howdy do," answered Pete.

But an idea was buzzing in Johnson's brain and after a little while he called the guide and explained a wonderful plan he had conceived. It was to make a howdah in which the Professor could ride at ease.

"I b'lieve you air from Boston," enquired Pete.

"We are from Boston," came the concerted reply.

"Wall then, git out your saw and square and auger and gimlet and screwdriver and post hole digger and jack plane and chalk line and adze and ax and buzz saw and make yer howdydo while me and the Professor does suthin' practical; I go a fishin'—come on Uncle!"

The old gentleman looked at Johnson,

who signified that he might follow the guide if he wished.

Pete produced fishing tackle from mysterious hiding places and set about to catch grasshoppers for bait. The warm sun had gotten the 'hoppers wide awake, and the Professor, following the scout's example, strove industriously after the unattainable. Soon Johnson saw his two companions stroll down the bank of the creek and disappear among the willows.

Every invention first finds form in a thought. With his inward eye Johnson saw his howdah complete. The idea being developed it must next be materialized. He went into the cabin and quickly knocked one of the bunks to pieces to get the boards. He then dipped these boards in the stream, wetting them thoroughly to a length he desired, then holding the ends in the fire they were burned off to the requisite dimensions. He took a gun cleaner and heating it red hot burned holes in them; weaving in strips of bark, peeled with the help of his knife

from an ironwood tree. Then by placing a board under each end and tying it fast he had a platform. A saddle was put on the gentlest horse: a hole was burned through the boards so the horn of the saddle could go through, and when in position the platform reached from the horse's tail to his withers. Then a hole was burned in each of the four corners, a short length of stout sapling was sharpened off and driven in and a stretch of bark was run around the squared circle.

It takes about a minute to tell this but it took an hour to do it.

Johnson viewed his handiwork and pronounced it good. It was truly artistic but wobbled a trifle too much for safety to the rider.

The fishermen had not yet returned and the young man thought it time to look them up; besides that he wanted them to commend the skill he had shown. He followed down the creek for a full quarter of a mile and discovered his friends, their trousers rolled above their

knees, sitting on the bank paddling their feet in the stream.

They were discussing the Copernican Theory.

The Professor had explained the matter; and Pete, taking issue, was ventilating his own view of the case. The argument was getting quite warm when Mr. Johnson's appearance interrupted it.

On the bank were more brook trout than three men could eat in a week.

The old gentleman had found a flint arrow head, much to his delight, and this had led up to the subject of aboriginal handicraft and from that to the Copernican Theory by a sequence unexplainable.

"The aborigines never made a howdah like mine though," said Johnson, "Come and see!"

The old gentleman carrying his shoes in one hand and pressing his precious find in the other, picked his way barefoot among the stones back to camp.

The howdah was profusely admired. There was a touch of cynicism in Pete's

remarks that fortunately was lost on the others.

"Gents, you see afore you a invention that will do away with saddles—Let a horse buck and the rider turns a flip-flap and falls inside of his howdydo. She aint very firm though!" mused the guide as he tested the security of the scheme. Still in spite of the sarcasm Pete showed a willingness to co-operate. He brought a lariat and making it fast to each corner of the platform proceeded to cinch the howdah securely in place. Then he climbed up on it, danced a jig and declared it the wonder of the age.

So they rested, slept and feasted. The big white owl dozed on a rafter in the cabin and the Professor sighed because he could not secure the bird for the Peabody Museum; yet he would not kill or disturb it.

That night they rested well. In the morning Johnson said, "I go afishing."

"No, you don't; git to work and rope these packs on—we can't stay *here!*"

"Could we not stay and recuperate until tomorrow?"

"'Cuperate, no, it's onhealthy to 'cuperate—didn't you tell me thar is en'miet after you?"

"Yes."

"Wall than we must climb."

"But where are you going to take us?"

"We are bound for The *Last Stand*."

Then Rattlesnake Pete explained that "The Last Stand" was a hillock surrounded on every side by a palisade of perpendicular rock; that the top of this hill was a plateau of twenty acres and that the only approach to the summit was through a peculiar canyon twelve feet wide. Pete knew the place through Indians, who had shown it to him ten years before. The savages thought the place haunted and there were certain bands of Apaches who came on a pilgrimage each seven years and offered sacrifices there.

"They say it were wunst an injun town—long 'fore white men came to America. And a pest came and carried

off the whole dam tribe, for which let us all rejice—It's the only place I know on where three men can stand off a reg'-ment—and I only found it accidental. When you said you wanted a safe place I thought of The Last Stand—and Last Stand it is—We'll reach it in two days if we look sharp."

The packs were adjusted, a final look was taken through the cabin for lost articles, the fire was put out and again the march began.

The Professor was assisted into his howdah and seated on a bean box with a green branch over his head for a canopy, he advanced like an Egyptian king.

But the way was rough, as the road to paradise, and progress slow. From time to time the old gentleman would get down and walk a little way. Then there were places so steep that Pete would dismount and putting his shoulder to the rear of one of the pack burros would push, directing Mr. Johnson to do the same with the other; so by the help of

many adjectives and unprintable exclamations from Pete they surmounted the obstacles that fate had placed in their way.

After one such effort Johnson remarked to Professor Wilson sorrowfully:

"Once I was head of my class in mathematics and now I am only assistant to a jackass."

"Many a man serves in a like capacity, but this is a case in which you had better be assistant than principal," answered the Professor without a smile.

Near noon they made a short halt. As they were resting Johnson suddenly exclaimed:

"We've forgot something!"

"I know," said the Professor, "my glasses."

"No."

"Then it was my note book."

"No, we have neglected to start a single train out of Omaha for two days."

"That's so, sure enough—not since Mr. Snake was so abrupt in starting away."

One hand began to go up and over—Pete fired his revolver in the air and shouted an order to move on and so they started again.

It was a hard day's march, and when they camped at sundown the guide gave the glad news that The Last Stand was only twenty miles away.

IX.

THE next afternoon as the shadows began to lengthen Pete announced that only twelve miles had been made. The trail was steep, rocky, and in places partially barred by debris that had been carried down the mountain side by the avalanches of the spring.

"But, thank the Lord, we are in sight of the promised land," exclaimed the guide.

The caravan halted and the three men dismounting stood on a ledge of rock while the scout pointed across the valley at a solitary hillock, faced on all sides by a perpendicular wall. As the men gazed down upon it from the moutain side it looked like an island amid the sea of sage and chaparral.

In the Garden of the Gods, that spot so interesting to the geologist, one sees in

miniature, similar formations. Fantastic shapes of earth-stuff, each one intent on expressing its one individuality; they defy the combined forces of snow, frost, sun and wind to subdue and reduce them to one common level. Yet all the time gravitation tugs—patiently biding his time, knowing that his prey cannot escape from his relentless siege.

"That's The Last Stand, gents. That's whar we live when we're to home. It flares at the top 'cause there's a layer of stone there that is harder than the stuff below. The wind and rain can't fetch it, gents; the weather can't gnaw it, they have tried for ten thousand years. There's twenty acres of it and only one way to git up thar and that by a canyon what looks as if it was cut out by God Almighty a purpose for his childern so they could climb up a top and larf at their en'mies!"

"It appears like a fort—Who owns it?"

"Gents, I won't deceive you—why should I—it's mine!"

"Yours?"

"Yes, it's mine; I'm goin' to charge you a dollar a year rent for it, and when we leave I'll give it to you for a soov'neer —Three cheers for The Last Stand!!"

The cheers were given, the guide fired a volley from his revolver, the burros brayed and the down grade march began with an energy which an hour before would have been thought impossible. The old gentleman forgot his rheumatism, the student his depression, the guide his weight of responsibility—even the horses partook of the joy and shook their heads as horses will when they draw near home.

After an hour had passed Mr. Johnson called, "I say, Mr. Snake, we do not seem to be much nearer than we were—how is that?"

"Wall, I'll tell you honest, that young mountain of mine has a way of slipping back, and if we don't go right lively we can never catch it."

The explanation was not wholly satisfactory to Mr. Johnson; the guide noticed

it and asked half apologetically, "How fur do you think we was from The Last Stand when we seed it first?"

"Oh, about three miles I thought."

"Of course that was what you thought, but we was just ten—If we reach it by dark we're lucky."

At last the level plain was reached and another mile brought the weary travellers to the base of the hill. Skirting this for a ways they reached a narrow ravine. The walls were nearly perpendicular and the canyon had the appearance of an immense fissure that had been made by nature some glacial night years agone. A short distance up this gorge water was oozing from the sand. The guide with his hands quickly dug out a basin so the horses could drink, then the saddles were removed, the packs taken off and the animals turned loose; two of them being hobbled.

All about the mouth of the ravine the feed was plentiful. This verdure stretched away to a cottonwood grove half a mile

beyond. Mr. Johnson wished to go up to the top of the hill at once but Pete ordered all hands to skirmish for buffalo chips. The Professor of Biology obeyed; Johnson dragged in the dead top of a tree while the guide himself was getting out the "timber" for supper. Soon a bright fire was blazing and there came the aroma of coffee and the fragrant smell of things grateful to the senses of tired and hungry men.

The trio squatted around the fire and ate without a word. They were too busy for conversation. After a time the good old Professor sat looking into the fire and began to nod like a sleepy child. Mr. Johnson seeing this, dug out a hole in the sand and spread a blanket preparatory to putting his charge to bed.

"What you doin' Johnsing?" asked the guide.

"Going to bed."

"What's that—not on the ground?"

"Of course; where did we sleep last night?"

"Why, gents, I'm s'prised, I must send you to your rooms to wunst. Front!" roared Pete.

After every meal Rattlesnake Pete's playful spirit showed itself in just such silly banter as this. He took a delight in mystifying others and in telling queer tales and doing peculiar and wonderful things. Twice he had been to St. Louis with live stock and once he had visited Kansas City, where among other places he attended a sleight of hand performance. This was an epoch in Pete's life; and if he had written an article for the *Ladies Home Journal* on "Men who have influenced me," he would surely have put the juggler first on the list.

When in good humor Pete always slipped off into the mysterious. Revelling in the quizzical he had covetous desires after the honors of the prestidigitator, only Pete did not call it by that name.

Johnson had observed this tendency towards the absurd and concluded that

such things could come only from an unbalanced mind.

"Front," roared Pete again, "show the gents to leven hunderd and one!"

Away up the canyon came the answering echo "Front—" and died away into "leven hunderd and one."

The Professor started with affright.

Johnson got up and walking around to the other side of the fire, led the guide a few steps back and said:

"Mr. Snake, I beg of you to restrain yourself!"

"In course! Front, show the gents to their rooms."

"Mr. Snake, you must be calm—Here, I'll give you a dose of bromide of potassium and then if that does not take effect I have chloral. I think I'll try you with Hyosamus first, then Canabis Indica or Lupuline!".

"Haven't you any whiskey?"

"No, be calm, I pray you, you may even make a neurotic of me."

"The which?"

"Nervous prostration—verging on melancholia."

"Melon colic—who's got it?"

"Not you, yours is hysteria with aberration and hallucinations—It may develop into paresis. You have ringing in your ears, see flashes of light before your eyes; you have cold feet and streaks up your vertebra"——

"Hold on there Johnsing—how long have you been so?"

"You mean the Professor—oh, about six months—it began just as yours is developing—great exaltation of spirits, then hallucinations followed with depression. Now I have studied Nervous Disorders carefully—I can bring you around all aright—Depend on it I will never desert you"——

"You won't desert me?"

"No."

"I wish you would—if I stay with you I may catch it!"

"Catch what?"

"This crazy business."

"Be calm—I'll stand by you."

"Why, man, I'm the only feller in the party what's got any wits."

"Of course, that is one of your hallucinations, but I can cure you."

"Tell me now how I'm off my cabase?"

"You mean to ask how I know you are not right in your head?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been watching you closely—you fed our oatmeal to the horses!"

"But what in thunder is oats fur—not fur a man to chew. He might as well eat hay!"

"Oatmeal is rich in carbon—stimulates the digestive ganglia and is"——

"Johnsing, I've been watching you close—you're off your nut, but I'll stand by you—be calm."

"Me! I'm the only sane man in the party!"

"Of course—why did you claw the air and go ch, ch, ch, ch, the first time I saw you?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Snake, it's a way I have. Tell me why did you sprinkle tobacco over that codfish you cooked for us the other day?"

"Codfish aint fit to eat nohow—it's pizen, no fish that lives in salt water is good—They are like buzzards and crows and ravens and eagles and kyutes"——

"Never mind the lecture now Mr. Snake—You are wrong in your head because you talk to yourself and chuckle and call to people who are not near"——

"And you have clammy hands, and headache, and nightmare, and see streaks, and hear railroad trains, and buzzin' and tootin', and whoopin' and snortin' and ringin'"——

"And you call 'Front, show the gentlemen their rooms,' when there is not a room within fifty miles"——

"Hold on there Johnsing—come with me."

The guide seized a burning brand and taking Johnson by the arm they walked about fifty feet up the canyon. Here

the flaming torch was placed between two stones and Pete scrambled up on a pile of broken rocks that were heaped against the crumbling wall. He motioned that Johnson should follow. They began to tumble the stones down; great round bowlders that required their combined strength to move, gravel, earth and broken fragments. They worked like beavers for ten minutes. Pete went down and got the torch. An aperture full two feet square in the wall was seen. The scout motioned that Johnson should enter.

"After you," said Mr. Johnson.

Pete crawled in and Johnson followed. They stood in a room six feet high and nearly ten feet square, hewn out of the solid rock.

Pete gazed at his companion triumphantly and Mr. Johnson stared back in bewilderment. He looked at the ceiling and saw that it was covered with black soot; the walls were scrawled with rude pictures and peculiar marks. He

scratched the rock with his thumb nail and found it to be of soft tufa.

"Wonderful, Mr. Snake, most wonderful; this cave was excavated by the hand of man, excavated a thousand years ago!"

"A thousand and seven!" answered Pete. "And these buffler robes and the tools I left here just nine years ago last September, are perfectly dry."

As he spoke he began spreading out the robes that were piled in the corner. Beneath them were several axes, picks, shovels and various boxes of canned goods.

"Didn't I tell you I'd show you to your rooms?"

But Johnson did not answer. He hastened down to the camp fire where the old man sat dozing and led him back by the hand, all the time telling him of the wonderful cave.

But the old Professor was too full of sleep to be interested. He only mumbled "Yes, yes—a great cave—we'll take

it back and present it to the Peabody Museum—Let me take a nap, Johnson, call me when the class comes in "——

He stooped as ordered and crawled into the new found home. The student tenderly covered him with the buffalo robes.

The guide went out to look after his horses and take care of the fire. When he came back he found his charges sound asleep, side by side.

"They are queer ducks," murmured Pete, "very queer, but I'll stand by 'em, dam me if I don't!"

Then he examined his rifle, pulled off his boots, lay down and dreamed of going to a sleight of hand show where the performer waved a wand and caused five hundred and seven caves to appear in the side of a solid stone wall.

BOOK III

The late Professor Wilson

THE LEGACY.

I.

SOME philosopher has said that the life of man is like a finger thrust into a stream and withdrawn, leaving no trace. You lift one man, or a dozen, out of the stream of life that crowds on Broadway and what boots it? Return the next day and the street looks exactly the same—the tide of traffic still roars on. Broadway has not met with a loss, but perhaps there are heavy hearts elsewhere and listening ears that wait for footsteps that will never come.

When those children called silly, childish cries after an old gentleman who was short of hair, and bears came out of the woods and devoured them, my soul does

not go out in thankfulness that the hunger of bruin's family is satisfied or that the old gentleman's wrath is appeased; but my heart is with households where the prattle of innocent glee is no longer heard, and the patter of little feet echo no more. So the gloom of death takes the place of gladness, and on my ear there falls a lullaby hushed to a moan.

"Nature takes no thought of the individual," says M. Renan. But if nature were a Personal Being, looking down upon us from the mighty distance of another world, the mad antics, strivings and runnings to and fro of men on the ball called Earth would surely strike this Being as very funny.

Here we have two of these insignificant mites calling themselves "men," suddenly running away and hiding themselves somewhere. At once there is a great commotion among the mites left behind over the affair, just as when you jab your cane into an ant hill. Mighty efforts are put forth to bring the two runaways back.

In heaven's name! why bring them back —are there not more left than can be fed?

But to us who are yet on earth there is such a thing as the brotherhood of man. We cannot get away from it—when one suffers all suffer; and these painful separations, these awful strivings after right adjustment, these frantic efforts for harmony, are tragedies as dark and deep and sad as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death.

Yet we are philosophers and therefore must perceive that there is an undertone of comedy even in the tragic.

When James Russell Lowell was ill with the malady whose cure was the grave, he listened, one sleepless night, to the scramble and squeal of mice as they scampered through the space between plaster and floor. "Some dandy mouse has eloped with a grey-beard's wife—What a commotion the neighbors do make over it!" and the poet smiled as he speculated on the scandal; for even

the approach of death could not still his laughter.

His thoughts were not unlike those of "the Aristophanes of Heaven," who Heine says is probably amusing himself watching our gyrations.

Hence it happens as I relate the solemn truth of actual events, an occasional smile cannot be restrained. And because I smile let no hasty soul accuse me of frivolity. Philosophers are above the frivolous—if they smile, it is because they have a true sense of values. In the most intense scene of Macbeth, Shakespeare introduces the tipsy porter; in Hamlet we have Polonius and the jolly grave diggers; Mercutio dies a punning; Lear has its fool; and in the sublime tragedy of Faust, Mephisto is half clown.

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing: a great deal is absolutely fatal. And so let us proceed with the story.

On that eventful night when Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson disappeared they left behind them two very much

astonished doctors, a wife in hysterics, a screaming servant, a dozen neighbors, and a promiscuous crowd of strangers, each of whom gave advice, and all had a theory.

As for Celeste Wilson, she was picked up out of the mud by three strange men and was being carried into the house when she managed to free herself from her captors and stand on her feet. Her injuries, strange to say, were very slight, and if she was cut by the hoofs of the horse and her fragile form bruised by the wheels of the vehicle that passed over her, no one ever knew it. She walked up the stairs alone and into her room, locking the door, where she proceeded to divest her face of the mud, that filled her hair and eyes, and to put on clean attire.

The front door was open and the parlor full of men and women, talking and explaining to the fresh arrivals how it all happened. Some said there had been a burglary, others that it was only a family row. One woman explained that Celeste Wilson was trying to elope but had been

caught in the act and brought back. A crowd always attracts a crowd—more people came—neighbors rushed in, some in partial undress—one woman carrying a two-year-old child in its night clothes. To add to the confusion this baby set up a very loud and prolonged cry.

Attention was finally focused on Mrs. Wilson, who sat in a corner of the parlor moaning and crying—"They have stolen him away, they have stolen him away."

That she was crazy was very evident, especially so after a man had explained the fact. The callers made a ring around her—none daring to go near until a fat man elbowed his way through the crowd and fearlessly began a cross-examination. But all he could get was "They have stolen him away, they have stolen him away," as she rocked back and forth.

Then the joker, who is always present on such occasions, called "Look out, she's loose!" and a stampede was made for the door. Just at this moment a hook and ladder company dashed up, followed

by a fire engine. The bystanders began to carry out the furniture but The Stout Gentleman called "It's all out!" and being a man of ready resource he explained to the foreman of the fire brigade that it was only a lamp overturned. Then he exhibited several imaginary burns on his hands as proof and asked one of the fire laddies if his whiskers were much singed, but the fireman could not see that they were.

In the meantime the two young doctors who had made such an allopath exit, knowing that the buggy carrying the assailant had gone, had returned. They found something in the front hall that fully occupied their attention. It was the limp form of Mr. Sarony. His descent had not been straight down the stairs but on the bias. He had struck the railing and gone clear through it, falling heavily to the floor. Blood was oozing from his mouth and nose, and as one of the doctors thought there had been a pistol shot and the other was sure that the unknown

assailant had an uplifted dagger in his grasp, they thought best to examine the body at once for gunshot wounds and knife thrusts. So they dragged the man into the dining room and pushing the crowd out, placed him on the table and proceeded to cut off his clothing. In a minute the senseless form was naked, but the ready probes were useless, as no wounds were found.

"His hide is whole," said one of the doctors in a non-professional, disappointed way. There was a contusion on top of the head, a scratch across the jaw, a slight scalp wound, and two front teeth were much missing, but the combination offered no promise of a post mortem.

"He don't breathe like a dead man," said one of the doctors as he pushed up one eyebrow of the patient and scrutinized the pupil. "He don't breathe like a dead man, and by the great Austin Flint he's playin' possum!"

As the good physician made this

remark he drew from his vest pocket a small vial and drawing the cork, let fall two drops of aqua ammonia on the patient's nose. There was a cough, a sneeze, a sputter and a damn. The man sat up on the table and stared wildly around.

"How came I here?"

"Say something else, please, they always ask that on the stage!"

The doctors here turned their attention to Mrs. Wilson, who seemed in a bad way, while Sarony, wrapped in the table cloth, glowered in silent rage. It was a tableau vivant that might well have served to illustrate an edition de luxe of Sartor Resartus. Just then Celeste came down and was vainly endeavoring to get the intruding strangers out of the house. The Stout Gentleman came to her rescue and threatened, ordered, pushed and hustled until the rooms were cleared.

The hurry-up-wagon drove up sharp and two policemen appeared on the veranda just as the front door was being locked. They asked for information as

to the trouble. The Stout Gentleman, knowing that generalities would no longer answer, called Celeste (whose name he had picked up from the mother) and she told the guardians of the peace the facts and begged them to go in search of her father and Mr. Johnson at once. One of the policemen busied himself in making a hasty sketch of the house. As he opened the dining room door he discovered Mr. Sarony wrapped in his red table toga. Sarony was abusive and incoherent, the loss of teeth no doubt adding to his jumble. He cursed the officers roundly and dared them to touch him. Just then The Stout Gentleman appeared in the doorway. As his glance fell on the figure of Mr. Sarony, his face showed blank astonishment.

"Who is this man?" demanded one of the officers.

"Blest if I know—never saw him before—what does he say?"

"Won't say nawthin'—just damns!"

"It's no time to fool—do your duty."

The policemen looked at each other knowingly and without a word fell on the luckless Sarony and hustled him out of the house and into the wagon. Then they drove rapidly to the station to report the facts of the abduction and call out the reserves. Arriving at the station the officers half dragged, half carried their precious freight into the building and standing one on either side of him, before the desk, the Captain of the precinct took down a description of the prisoner and ordered the officers to search him.

This was a task soon performed.

The name was entered on the blotter as "Charles Sarony"—in quotation marks—thus indicating that the officers considered it an alias. All hands agreed that the prisoner had a most villainous phiz and the door-keeper thought he recognized him as "Charles the Lifter," a famous crook. He was addressed as "The Lifter," and although he hotly repudiated the title it was placed on the

blotter after his name. Then he was catechized as to his share in the abduction and as to why he was on the premises. His answers were very contradictory—in fact his confusion was clear proof of his guilt. He was told that his partners in the crime had been caught and that they had confessed, implicating him, but still he maintained a dogged persistence in his assertions of innocence. The wound in his head had started bleeding and the house surgeon, who happened to be present, examined the cut and was obliged to shave one entire side of the man's head in order to properly apply the adhesive plaster. More adhesive plaster was used for the scratch on his chin—all at the expense of the state. Sarony was then locked in a cell awaiting the arrival of the Superintendent of Police, for whom they had sent.

It was near an hour before this dignitary arrived. He at once questioned Mr. Sarony. He soon decided he would take the prisoner back to the house for

identification. A tramp's cast off suit of clothing was found for the alleged abductor, and arrayed in this and handcuffed to an officer, the pair, with the Superintendent behind, made their way to the Wilson residence. On the way Sarony explained that Mrs. Wilson and he were personal friends—in fact he was her confidential adviser, and was in her house as a friend when he was so ruthlessly assaulted.

"Very well—say no more—if Mrs. Wilson says you are all right that is all there is of it."

When the residence was reached it was very evident that the household was astir. The servant girl answered the ring and the Superintendent asked for Mrs. Wilson. By the use of stimulants that worthy lady had arrived at a degree of calmness. She walked out into the hall alone; and as she appeared Mr. Sarony, having the true instincts of a gentleman, removed his hat. At a glance the woman saw the shining gilt of the

Superintendent's uniform and the officer in citizen's clothes; then her quick eye fell on the wickedest piece of grinning humanity that she had ever seen. The room swirled before her, the floor gave a list to starboard, she threw her hands above her head and in a wild scream she shouted "They have caught him, they have caught the man who stole my Chilo!" and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

The Superintendent gave a quick nod to his subordinate, who was just on the point of marching the prisoner back to the lock-up, when one of the doctors who had not yet left the house appeared. The doctor identified Sarony and requested the officers to liberate him. But the Superintendent would not do so until Miss Celeste had fully vouched for the man. Then the handcuffs were removed and half apologies made by the Superintendent, who warned Mr. Sarony that he might yet be wanted.

The Stout Gentleman here came forth and shook Mr. Sarony by the hand, con-

gratulating him on his innocence, in which he had believed all the time, and begging ten thousand pardons for his own insignificant part in the blunder.

"These things will happen," he said, and smilingly explained that he himself had not arrived on the scene until after the abduction—Otherwise the rogues might not have been so successful in their nefarious scheme—Never had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sarony before, but often had heard of him and always in high terms of praise. Just a misunderstanding—that is all, but the past is past. The future we cannot reach, the past we cannot recall, the present only is ours, as the poet has said and wisely said. Now what to do? that's the question—what to do:—it's a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. It is after two o'clock—no use of going to bed, better just decide on what to do and then do it. The past is past—what to do? That is the question. Professor Wilson is gone. I myself have

thoroughly searched the house—no Professor Wilson—now what to do? In the meantime suppose we step into the dining room and take a drop of something at the sideboard"* * * * *

The Superintendent of Police was a man of few words but he fully agreed with The Stout Gentleman that the past was past; further, it would be well to get at the facts at once and decide on what to do; and there was no special objection to the sideboard.

The company followed The Stout Gentleman to the dining room, where he placed chairs for them around the table. Then he ordered the servant girl, whom he familiarly addressed as "Liz," to bring in "a little cold meat or something." Celeste assisted the tearful servant, who was much excited by the presence of the policemen, in bringing in an acceptable lunch.

The Stout Gentleman found a bottle in the sideboard and he, Mr. Sarony and the doctor took something for their

stomach's sake. The Stout Gentleman insisted on all sitting down. He sat at one end of the table, the Superintendent of Police at the other. Seated on one side were the doctor and Mrs. Wilson, who had revived from her faint, and the servant girl "Liz;" on the other side were the patrolman, Mr. Sarony and Miss Celeste. No one could be excused—a conference must be held and the facts arrived at—Would the Superintendent of Police get Mrs. Wilson's story first?

The good woman began with the time of her marriage and offered to show the certificate, but The Stout Gentleman told her that this, for the present, would be waived, and quickly brought her down to date. Then she rehearsed the facts concerning the Professor's illness—his aberration of mind—his hallucinations—how a consultation of physicians had been held and the decision reached that he should be sent to an Insane Asylum. When all at once a man rushed in——

"Hold on, Mrs. Wilson," said The

Stout Gentleman, "not too fast—what kind of a man?"

"Why a large man—a man about seven feet high—he pitched Mr. Sarony down stairs, then seized my Chilo"——

"Be calm, Mrs. Wilson—be calm—these things will happen."

But Mrs. Wilson could go no further—she fell to weeping and the doctor asked that she might be excused until after the other witnesses had been examined.

The Stout Gentleman excused her.

Celeste explained that she did not see the man enter the house but she saw him pass out of the door carrying her father. The man was Joshua Johnson and he surely was insane. They were both insane. She thought that Mr. Johnson had been so much with Professor Wilson that through excess of sympathy he had partaken of Professor Wilson's hallucinations, and that he (Mr. Johnson) had carried Professor Wilson away to keep him out of the hands of supposed enemies.

On cross examination the fact was brought out that there was no money in the pockets of the old gentleman's clothing—possibly a note book and a pair of gold glasses were in a pocket of the coat —but the young lady was not certain.

The servant had only seen the buggy as it was driven away. She saw the vehicle run over Miss Celeste and she felt sure that Miss Wilson's dress was ruined. She also knew that Mr. Sarony had broken seven railings out of the banisters.

The doctor next gave testimony. He told how he had grappled with the assailant, who was a powerful man, weighing over two hundred. The assailant produced a knife, when the doctor was compelled to flee for his life. He never saw the man before and did not care to again—he did not appear as if insane, more like one possessed of a devil. The Stout Gentleman made a note of this. The doctor had run down the back stairs and around the house, hoping to head the villain off before he could escape,

but when he got around the front veranda the buggy was just disappearing. His opinion was that the abduction was made in the hope of a ransom. The man who planned the villainy had certainly resorted to "heroic" measures in order to raise money, and when caught his punishment should be severe.

Then Mr. Sarony gave his testimony. He explained just how he was holding the frantic Professor when suddenly he was seized and dragged by two men to the door and thrown down stairs. He exhibited his shaven scalp and absence of teeth as proof. Johnson—Joshua Johnson was the assailant.

The Superintendent asked several questions and then The Stout Gentleman took the witness in hand and had him repeat the whole story over again. Then he asked about Johnson—who he was—what he was—his relations to the Wilsons and his relations with Mr. Sarony. The witness answered at length.

A bright thought here came to Mr.

Sarony. His glassy eyes glowed—he straightened up in his chair—cleared his throat—reduced his voice to a hoarse whisper and said: "Joshua Johnson appeared at my father's Bank in New York last Thursday and cashed Chilo Wilson's check to bearer for fifteen thousand dollars!!"

"What's that?"

He repeated the remark. Did Mrs. Wilson know about this? No, she did not. Nor Celeste? No. They had seen nothing of the money and had no knowledge of the transaction.

The Stout Gentleman closed one eye and looked across the table with the other at the Superintendent of Police for a full minute. Then he stood up and announced that the inquiry was closed.

"But—but you do not think that Mr. Johnson has stolen this money do you?" interposed Celeste.

"Oh, no—I do not *think* so—he has—that's all!"

"And my father?"

"Well, Jackson has stolen him too!"

"You mean Johnson."

"Yes, Joseph Johnson!"

"Why should he abduct my father, except through an insane freak?"

"Young woman," said The Stout Gentleman, "men who cash other men's checks to bearer for fifteen thousand dollars are not insane. Johnson hypnotized your father and compelled him to sign that check—Then he carried the old man off so he could not inform on him—see?"

The Stout Gentleman arose, interviewed the sideboard, went out into the hallway, took his hat from the rack, selected an umbrella, and went down the steps out into the street.

It was now broad day light. The gas jets all through the house were burning full head. The air had a hot, close, musty smell and each of the persons sitting around the table were tired, worn and wan. They sat in silence a space.

"What did you say the large man's name was?" asked the Superintendent.

"Who, the man who just left?"

"Yes."

"Why, I was just going to ask you his name!" answered Celeste.

"How should I know him—he had charge of things when I came!"

"But don't you know him, Mr. Sarony?"

"Why no, I thought he was some lawyer—a kinsman that you had sent for?"

The doctor had held a like opinion.

None of them had ever seen the man before. And none of them ever saw him after, for he was never more seen of men. He was one after the order of Melchizedek.

II.

THE Sons of Melchizedek are a most peculiar people. So far as I know The Society for Psychic Research has not yet taken up the subject of these men who are without beginning of days or end of time. Yet surely it is a most vital theme. These beings who were never born and cannot die, form a tribe that obeys no natural edict—they are a law unto themselves. They appear and disappear, to reappear again. Like vagrant comets, their orbits cannot be determined.

They are visible only under peculiar and extraordinary conditions. They materialize at will and disappear without explanation. After a lecture I have seen one of them rush forward and greet the speaker with a glow that must have gladdened the orator's heart for months. In

fact your son of Melchizedek is an orator himself and therefore knows the orator's need for a fervent word of appreciation after his "effort."

Once at a Methodist love feast when there was a lull in the program and the minister asked "and is there not just one more who is willing to add a word of testimony?" I felt a slight cold feeling go over me and knew at once that the Unknown was rising to his feet behind. I heard him clear his throat and begin with, "My friends, I have been thinking while sitting here," in a low, musical voice—a voice all a tremble with fervor. He spoke for fully fifteen minutes—spoke with ease, and to the point. At first there was a craning of necks and whispered questions as to who he was, but this was soon lost in admiration. After the service he shook hands with many, then disappeared, none knew where.

This mysterious being often helps to carry in the piano, and in crowded street cars he has been known to supply the

necessary nickel when the ladies could not find their pockets. When old gentlemen fall in a fit on the street he is on hand. Should a woman faint in church he gently carries her out. He opens the windows in cars; looks after the ventilators at all times, and at barbecues and outdoor public meetings he calls up the stranger to the feast, introducing shy countrymen to others still more shy, thus thawing the social ice and making all secure.

When church debts are to be raised he sometimes arises in his seat and subscribes a large amount. At mass meetings where volunteers are called for to pass the hat, he always responds. He greets you cordially on the railroad train, shaking hands as he passes; asks after the wife and babies and shames you into smirking idiocy because you cannot call him by name, and as he departs he waves his hand and charges you thus: "Take care yourself, old man!"

He is always large, usually stout, and

the true type has a dun colored chin whisker. At least he should have.

He carries a glow of good nature that warms like wine; he is never cast down nor is his heart dismayed. At country funerals he often appears, consoles the friends, takes care of the flowers and arranges the chairs in solemn circle against the wall. At the churchyard he walks with uncovered head by the side of the clergyman, fetches the reins from the nearest team to lower the coffin, and handles the shovel with an unction that savors of joy.

He shows a rare skill in bearing other people's sorrows and under no condition does he fail to explain that every cloud has a silver lining.

He is a man of resource and conjures forth jokes and much good humor when hearts are breaking. His clothing is plain, sometimes seedy, but he is healthy, and where food and drink is spread, this modern son of Melchizedek is often found. In fact for a being who has the

power of etherealization his hunger is most astonishing, and his thirst unique.

Hope is his distinguishing feature, and he glibly assures you that he lives only to learn, and learns but to do good

III.

THE day after the disappearance of Professor Wilson one of the Boston morning papers contained the following item:

The explosion of a lamp at the residence of Professor Chilo Wilson, on Appian Way, Cambridge, last evening, might have started a serious conflagration were it not for the fact that the fire brigade was quickly on hand and extinguished the flames before the devouring element had gained headway. Loss small. The quality of kerosene now sold from most stores is much below the required legal test. The Inspectorship should certainly be in better hands.

The afternoon papers gave a full account of the flight just as it occurred, save for a few gratuitous details. The statement was made that "both men were doubtless laboring under temporary aberration of mind, superinduced par-

tially, if not wholly, from severe mental strain."

The differences in the accounts were trifling. One paper gave a map of the scene and pronounced a long eulogy on Professor Wilson, with a sketch of his career. Several of the classmates of Mr. Johnson were interviewed and all spoke of him in terms of praise. His eccentricities were lightly touched upon.

During the day the police got trace of the horse and buggy. It had been hired at a livery stable and the occupants had driven to Kappa, and there the rig had been left at a hotel barn. The two men had purchased tickets for Portland, but as the passenger trains passed each other at Kappa the railroad agent could not tell whether the fugitives took the train for Portland or back to Boston. By working the wires the police found that the Portland tickets had not been turned in to the General Passenger Agent by the conductor, and probably, therefore, had not been taken up.

An inventory of the contents of Johnson's room was taken by the detectives but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except a peculiar memorandum in Greek, which was duly marked Exhibit A, and reserved for expert advice. The room was then locked and sealed, in spite of a protest from the landlady, who explained that Johnson was already a month behind in rent and that she could not afford to be deprived of the possibility of getting a new tenant.

The fact of the month's arrear in rent was noted in his memorandum book by the detective as proof of Johnson's sanity—implying plan, motive, intent.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the *Herald* got out a special containing a fresh version of the story in three columns. The statement was made that Johnson had through hypnotic control induced Professor Chilo Wilson to sign a check for $16,115.25, and that Johnson had taken this check in person to New York and secured the money in bills,

refusing to accept change on other banks and maintaining a suspicious and dogged silence as to why the money should be paid to him in this peculiar manner. He then returned home, went to the livery stable of Bradburn & Peek, selected the horse he wanted, drove to the residence of Professor Wilson and at the point of a pistol carried away the only man who could have informed the authorities of his guilt.

Whether the abductor's intent was to drown his victim in Charles River, to carry him off to some dark and lonely wood and there murder him, or to hold him captive in some secluded spot, could only be guessed. The prevailing opinion was that the drive to Kappa and the purchase of tickets for Portland was only a blind, and that the Professor having been drugged, was brought back to Boston and was being held a prisoner in some private house: a proceeding much less dangerous than to attempt to spirit him away to distant parts.

The fact that the Professor's life was insured for five thousand dollars, payable to his wife, was mentioned, and then the paper proceeded to detail the lady's virtues and apply the whitewash.

This view of the subject seemed to be the one accepted by the police—that Johnson had robbed the man and then abducted him. The officials refused to be interviewed—but looked knowing, declaring that they were not at liberty to make disclosures—let the public wait and it would hear something astonishing in due course of time.

The *Sunday Globe* contained pictures of Professor Wilson, his wife, Miss Celeste and Mr. Sarony. As no photograph of Johnson could be found, a sarsaparilla cut from the "old horse pile" was inserted by the enterprising editor. Then followed a symposium by twelve college professors giving their views on the case, with pictures of the professors.

The various newspaper clippings bearing on the abduction, I now have before

me in a scrap book. Among them are many editorials on the subject of mental overwork, taking Professor Wilson's case as an awful example. There are five sermons with the Wilson case for a text: using the subject for a simile to show how in a spiritual way Satan runs away with the souls of men. Certain patent medicine advertisements contained statements to the effect that Professor Wilson's mental trouble arose from Bright's Disease. One Texas paper and several other Southern Journals had long leaders showing that while outrages occasionally occur in the South, that the men who suffer are those who deserve it; while in the North, innocent, unoffending citizens are set upon. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* had a column headed:

THE GROWING INSECURITY OF LIFE IN THE STATES.

In two weeks the affair seemed, so far as the public was concerned, practically forgotten. Mr. Sarony was still being secretly shadowed, and a watch was kept

over the Wilson residence, but on the third week even this was discontinued.

A "Personal" was seen in the *Transcript* couched in polite phrase, asking "Will The Stout Gentleman please call on the Superintendent of Police to confer concerning the Wilson case," but that personal seemed like a last feeble convulsive kick, and the affair died on the hands of the police and was turned over to the Pinkertons for dissection.

The Detective Agency issued a circular offering "A reward of $1,000.00 for the arrest of Joshua Johnson, and an additional reward of $500.00 for the body, dead or alive, of Chilo Wilson, late Professor of Biology in Harvard University."

These circulars were sent throughout the civilized world and brought many replies. Dozens of men were arrested, and tramps without number, who looked as if they might be Professors of Biology, were followed. Two frowsy specimens gave themselves up at Hope, Arkansas,

confessing their guilt, and were duly brought on by a rustic constable and a Justice of the Peace, who claimed the reward. The constable and His Honor were loaned money to buy tickets home.

Still other tramps were arrested and held for remittances to bring them on.

Mysterious personages in seedy black called at the now well known house in Appian Way and proposed giving clues for a consideration. Spirit mediums wrote offering to supply information; one man out of the goodness of his heart called to state that he had had communications with Professor Wilson across "the Border," and that the Professor had wished him to communicate with Mrs. Wilson.

Once a telegram came reading: "Wilson's body found. Send fifty for embalming and will forward." This put the poor widow in such a bad way that the Telegraph Office was requested not to deliver any more dispatches at the Wilson residence.

But in six months the "information" had fallen off until the psychometers held a monopoly, save for an occasional caller with a "clue" that might be had cheap for cash.

IV.

IN stirring times that try men's souls, plain women are apt to be overlooked. So up to this time it seems that we have given but little attention to the best ballasted character that has appeared on our stage—Celeste Wilson.

It is unfortunate for the present scribe that she was not tall, willowy and lissome, with a wealth of auburn hair, eyes of langourous blue, from which she shot alluring glances or shafts of scorn.

Then she never smoked cigarettes nor made sarcastic and scathing remarks on manners and events. Neither was she petite, sparkling and dashingly witty, dressing like a girl of fifteen when she was twenty-three. All this, I say, is peculiarly unfortunate for the story writer, and were he to hesitate between truth and duty, there might be danger of

retouching the negative and making the lady appear as she was not.

Celeste Wilson was neither tall nor short, neither stout nor slender, neither a blonde nor a brunette. Her eyes were hazel, and her hair, which was always neatly parted and combed back, was brown—but brown of a lustrous order, and this is the only mark of beauty we dare put forward as such. Her nose, mouth and chin were of the kind you never remember. Her form was shapely and vigorous—that's all.

Perhaps it is true that no man is greater than his mother, but it is most surely a fact and a fact for which to be grateful, that in mental acumen, girls often surpass their mothers. And not seldom is it that the fault of the parent becomes a blessing to the offspring.

The children of drunkards are often temperance fanatics; the lack of books in a household may give a child a thirst for knowledge; the shiftlessness of the father may make a shrewd financier of

the son; and lack of opportunity in country homes whets desire for better things. Extremes cause violent oscillations to the other side.

And so it occurred that the nervous impatience and lack of poise in Mrs. Wilson produced an inward revolt in the heart of her growing daughter; and without ever mentioning it to a soul—without even being aware of it herself—she began placing a curb on her own tongue, and to cultivate an inward self-sufficiency.

Before she was sixteen she had silently vowed again and again that no matter what the future had in store for her, she would not busy herself in petty trifles—she would not be whimsical and fault-finding—she would not agitate others or be agitated herself by trivialities.

She devoted herself to her father, often writing his lectures for him. And so well did she know his mind that she could anticipate his thought on most themes, and he would read off these lectures to his

class, all unmindful that another had prepared them.

The young woman had gone through the Grammar School, spent two years at Wellesley and then had come home to assist her father in his researches for his forth-coming book.

She knew French and German and spent long hours in diving into musty volumes for obscure facts. Her mind was calm, self-centred, methodical, incisive. She knew the German Philosophers and got a deal more delight from them than she ever did from a drowsy society atmosphere of green and yellow, where was brewed an attenuated conspiracy of crysanthemum and pink tea, by the bonneted or otherwise.

The mother would not think of allowing her to share any of the household cares. No romance had come into her life; all of her "company" was of a very prim, staid and proper order, that visited in the family sitting room and left when the old gentleman put out the cat

and wound the clock. Around such a woman is a sacred circle—a psychic dead line within which no trifling person can enter. Mr. Sarony respected the girl, he almost thought he loved her, but he was afraid of her, and in her presence he never felt quite secure. His facts did not pass current. She guaged him thoroughly and he knew it, and so with others of his sort.

This colorless life to a strong and womanly woman was not complete. Let us admit that beneath that plain Quaker-hued exterior was a heart throbbing with revolt at the colorless calm of such a passionless existence.

What was wanting? A husband you say.

Possibly you are right and possibly not. For her to have married a well settled college professor or a preacher with a salary of fifteen hundred and house rent, would have been called by the neighbors a great match. It would have been her intellectual and her spiritual death.

What she needed (of course she did not know it) was a cyclone of feeling, a tornado of God's wrath—trouble, red revolution, a shipwreck that would make her swim for life. She needed that fate should clutch her with fierce talons and bear her away on steady pinions—and then drop her, so that she would be compelled to fly or fall and be ground to dust.

And fate was kind. The insanity of her father and his disappearance, with that of Mr. Johnson, struck her a blow that awoke her dormant faculties. There are chemicals that do not crystalize until after a sharp jar, so there are souls whose excellent qualities remain in solution until the extraordinary occurs.

The spirit of Celeste Wilson rose to the level of events. She assumed charge of the household for the first time. The mother was crushed and had no wish save to discuss her troubles with any and every one that would listen. Celeste protected her from the idle curiosity

seekers who called to condole; she looked after her father's financial affairs, conferred with the police and made the arrangements with the detectives for offering the reward.

She was sure that both men were mentally irresponsible. The detectives explained that if this statement of the case was put out, that officers throughout the country would cease to look for the men, believing that they had committed suicide. The robbery and abduction phase made the affair more sensational, thus increasing the talk and making the chances of apprehension of the fugitives more probable. Miss Wilson therefore allowed the Pinkertons to word their circular in their own way, still maintaining that when found, the innocence of Mr. Johnson could be easily proven.

Her appreciation of Johnson's worth was not small. She had found more satisfaction in his society than in that of any man whom she had ever known. Being a woman, she knew his sincere but un-

spoken regard for her, and she reciprocated his feelings to a degree that only the holy confessional of the silent night and the sacred silence knew.

But now he had cruelly, brutally deserted her. Her pride was stung, her finer feelings violently wrenched. And yet she knew in her inmost heart that the man must be insane to commit such an act: and in this thought there was a moiety of consolation. And more than this, the loving heart is always forgiving.

Like Mephisto, Mr. Sarony had had a fall: Mr. Sarony remained in bed for three days after the fall—then he appeared at the Wilson's to offer his services. Miss Celeste met him in the parlor. She was calm, quiet, self contained. He had expected to find her crushed. He tendered his sympathies in lavish manner and denounced "the man who was the cause of this awful tragedy."

Miss Wilson sat quiet and looked at him without the twitch of a muscle.

He repeated his abuse of Mr. Johnson.

Meeting no response, only that calm steady look of the brown eyes, he squirmed, shifted one leg across the other, looked at his watch and said:

"You do not think that Johnson was insane, do you?"

"I did not tell you what I thought!"

"I know—but by your looks—come now, tell me—if he was insane why should he have cashed that check and taken all the money with him?"

But the young lady was not disposed to argue the case. Mr. Sarony tried crossing his legs the other way, but still he was not comfortable. He looked at his watch again, suddenly bethought him of an engagement and hastily departed with his hat on hind side before.

Part of the Professor's great book on Bacteria was in press. The publishers had announced it for a certain time—subscriptions had been paid. The text was exceeding technical, only three persons in the world could properly correct it, so the publishers said. Two of them

were dead, or worse—the task fell on Celeste Wllson. Several chapters were yet to be written and several hundred microscopic photographs were to be taken. Many of the slides were not prepared—even the specimens not yet secured; there were hypotheses to verify, experiments to be tried and tried again.

The young woman locked the door, set herself at the task, and worked without halt four hours every forenoon. The afternoons were given to household matters, lighter cares and outdoor exercise. In six months the electrotypes for the great work were complete and the publishers, treating the young woman as her father's agent, paid her the first installment of $1,000.00, as agreed.

Still no word of the absent ones: only foolish letters from foolish people, calls from idle people, messages from designing people and rumors that brought nothing but disappointment.

Yet from the heart of Celeste Wilson hope had never fled.

V.

"MUM, that 'tective man is here agin—you'll have to see him, I s'pose."

It was the servant girl talking through the key hole of the library at Miss Wilson.

In the parlor was Mr. Maclane, manager of the Boston Branch of the Pinkerton Agency. He was a small man, smooth faced, slightly bald, quiet, gentlemanly, fashionably dressed.

"Miss Wilson, you know I would not trouble you without a reason—it looks at last as if we had a clue."

Miss Wilson smiled—a resigned, weary smile—so many things had been found that looked like clues. But to be sure, they were not from Mr. Maclane!

The detective wasted no words. He took from his pocketbook a letter and handed it to Miss Wilson to read. She

saw from a memorandum on it in red ink that it had been received three weeks before.

Here is the letter:

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

John Henderson, Proprietor.

Regulars or transients
accommodated at lowest rates.
The best of good things to be had at the bar.
First-class livery in connection.

Dead Horse City, Col., Aug. 19.

Pinkerton Detectors

I have them Fellars what you are after we have them both the 2 of them Charley Wilson and Bileology Johnson I seed your notus in The grocry here send along the dust all as you Promised for i have them Fellars Both

Yours. Truly.

Joseph. Biffer.

US marshall

Miss Wilson read the letter slowly and carefully; she had seen many very similar documents during the past few months. She handed the letter back and her glance said, "Well?"

"There is nothing especially distinctive about this as you see. But we replied to it as we do to all such communications, explaining that to prevent a possible fruitless journey photographs of the prisoners should be taken and sent to us; or some other proof forwarded to show that the right parties had been apprehended. In answer to our letter came this."

Here Mr. Maclane handed over a letter marked No. 2. It ran as follows:

Dead Horse, Wensday Evenin

Pink

Dear Sir—You dont seem to want them Fellars so bad after all Do you Think I can board them For you till they dy of old Age they air here and if you want them you Must speak right out in Meetin. they wont hold still to have pictures took i send you leaves torn out of Johnsons pocketbook that will show yer i am onest.

Yours. Truly.

J. Biffer.

Constable & Livery stable.

Celeste Wilson perused this missive without the slightest change of countenance. As she finished she held out her hand for what was to come next. The pencil-scrawled leaves from her father's note book shook in her fingers as she turned them over. Yes, they were genuine, no one but her father wrote like that, and the matter was of an abstruse and technical kind that only she could understand. It referred to the book on Bacteria on which she had been working so many anxious hours. It seemed like a message from the dead.

"Tell me," she said, "where did you get these?"

"I have just told you," answered the man—"they came in that letter."

"And where is the letter from, did you say?"

"Dead Horse—Dead Horse City, Colorado. Two thousand miles from here, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; not far from where Colorado, New Mexico and Utah join."

Then they were both silent. The detective got up and walked over to the window to give the lady time to recover her poise.

"And is that all, Mr. Maclane?"

"Yes, that is all. Now as I said before this looks like a clue. I do not say it is a clue, only it appears like one"——

"The writing is my father's!"

"Yes, grant that; but these torn leaves from an old memorandum book may have been stolen—taken from some desk in the college—then forwarded to that out-of-the-way spot. You notice that man—what is his name?—Biffer, wants us to forward the reward?"

"And you do not think it worth while to go and investigate?"

"Most certainly not until we know more about it. If this man has made the arrest he surely will not let the men go, so long as there is a hope of securing the fifteen hundred dollars. If the place were near I might send a man on at once, but this town of Dead Horse is not

even down on the map. I found a man at the Post Office who says it is a mining town—one of those mushroom 'cities' and that it is on a spur of the Rio Grande Railroad. The whole place might disappear before we could get there, and then you notice that Mr. Biffer calls himself a 'U. S. Marshal' in one place and 'a constable and Livery stable' in another!"

"He might be a U. S. Marshal, and a constable too and then keep a livery stable besides," answered Celeste. She was in no mood for jest.

But Mr. Maclane was sure that nothing was to be gained by haste. He proposed that another letter be sent to the "Constable and Livery stable" urging for photographs of the men.

"But there may be no apparatus for taking photographs in such a primitive place," interposed the lady.

"But if such were the case Biffer would have said so; instead he puts in the foolish excuse that they wouldn't hold still."

Miss Wilson was strongly inclined to make the trip herself at once. She feared that her father and Mr. Johnson might not be receiving good treatment. Mr. Maclane's advice finally prevailed and a letter was composed by Miss Wilson to be sent to Mr. Biffer, when it occurred to her there might be a telegraph line to Dead Horse City. Mr. Maclane offered to ascertain at once. Miss Wilson proposed to go with him to the telegraph office. So they went.

The local manager of the Western Union had never heard of Dead Horse City, but suggested that the message be sent to Pueblo with orders to forward by mail if Dead Horse was not a telegraph station. So the following message was sent:

Boston, Sept. 15.

Joseph Biffer,
Dead Horse City, Col.

We will pay extra board of men. Give them good care. Send pictures and other proof of identity. Your reward sure if you have our men. Pinkerton.

Dead Horse City proved to be a telegraph point with an arbitrary rate known as a "hairlifter." All of which Mr. Maclane ascertained the next morning when a collect reply to his message came with bill for the one he had sent the day before.

This was the reply:

Dead Horse City, Sep. 16.

Pinkerton, Boston, Mass.

They will not put on pleasant expression proofs of identity sent in box.

Collect $2.95. J. Biffer.

Mr. Maclane read the message and scowled. "This is certainly trifling," he said under his breath, "the box will contain bricks. Why in the name of all that's good can't the practical jokers play their pranks on other people besides the Pinkertons!"

He mailed the message to Miss Wilson, writing across the face of it, "Probably only another hoax," and signed his initials.

In five days came a box with collect charges $4.05. Mr. Maclane paid the amount and scowled the grimmest kind of a professional scowl. It was a queer package—all iron bound and hooped: evidently once a tobacco caddy, then used as a feed box in the United States Marshal's livery stable, thought the detective. It weighed ten pounds.

Mr. Maclane was certain it was a hoax and he decided he would just take the box over to the residence of the late Professor Wilson and open it in the presence of Miss Celeste. It would show her how unhappy was the lot of a Pinkerton.

And so he tied the cumbrous and unsightly package in brown paper and duly arrived in Appian Way. He explained his errand to Miss Wilson and told the young lady that although he feared it was a hoax, he preferred to open the box in her presence.

They adjourned to the woodshed, a hatchet was procured, and after much

prying and pounding the cover was removed. A block of wood was taken out and the rest of the space was stuffed with good honest livery stable hay. Mr. Maclane looked at the lady as much as to say, I told you so. She looked at him and shook her head in disappointment.

"What's all this pounding in my back kitchen I'd like to know!" It was Mrs. Wilson's voice; the gray-haired old lady had made her way down from up-stairs and was now standing beside her daughter. "What a litter this man has made on the clean floor—why did you allow it, Celeste—my goodness!!"

Her curiosity was ever supreme—she reached over and drew out a handful of the alfalfa—"It's queer hay, isn't it now?" she said. Two handfuls, three—something fell out on the floor: a pair of gold-bowed glasses. She picked them up, looked at them casually in a matter of course way and said "Why, they are your father's, child—look, there are the initials C. W. that you had engraved

when you bought them a year ago last Christmas ! "

" Yes, they are father's glasses," quietly said Celeste, " they have found him."

VI.

THE Alumni Association of Harvard University had recently added an extra thousand dollars to the reward for return of the wanderers. This had increased the Pinkerton's interest in the case. Anyway, when Mr. Maclane had decided on an issue he acted quickly.

On the way from the Wilson residence he stopped in at Matthews Hall. Mr. Sarony was at home and was a little agitated at sight of the official, although he had had several interviews with Mr. Maclane at the Pinkerton offices. A number of students were lounging in Sarony's apartments. Mr. Maclane declined to enter but calling Mr. Sarony into the hallway told him that he thought he had at last got track of Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson. He proposed to send Martin Dunston, his best man, after

them, but wanted some one to go with Mr. Dunston who could identify the prisoners beyond cavil. Mr. Sarony knew them both so well—would he go?

Mr. Sarony replied with enthusiasm that he would be delighted to go—had been intending to go to Colorado anyway for some time—was all up on all of his studies, except Logic, and could cram on that while gone if it would not interfere with the detective duties. Should he carry a revolver?

Mr. Maclane thought it might be as well to take a revolver; and he saw no reason why Mr. Sarony should not cram on Logic while on the trip if he desired.

"How soon will your man want to start?"

"To-night at nine-fifteen. Boston & Albany—Kneeland Street!"

"Jee-whilaker, but you are speedy—no difference though—I'll be there"

Mr. Maclane hastened away and Sarony rejoined his chums.

"S'pose you fellows know that man,

don't you?" said Mr. Sarony as he lighted a cigarette with much deliberation and proceeded to blow the smoke through his nose.

"Yes, I know him," said a youth, stretched at full length in the window seat, "he's a tutor from Brown's who is going to help you in your Greek."

"Smarty!"

"Fact, two dollars an hour."

"Gentlemen, that's Pinkey, old Pinkey the detective—and the smartest one on earth!"

The three loungers came to attention at once.

"And what does he want here?"

"Oh, nothing, only I have been working up a little case for him—me and him are going after the rascals to-night—I located 'em in California—two of 'em, murderers—Nine-fifteen, Boston & Albany, Kneeland Street. Who says poker?"

No one said poker, but all wanted to hear details. Not a word could they

get—"It's professional business," explained Mr. Sarony—"professional business, and we have taken the Hypocratic oath, just the same as you medical fellows—understand?" He nodded toward a young medicus, who signified that he understood.

Mr. Sarony's sudden air of mystery was not favorable for social converse: so the three friends slouched out one after another, each on a pretext of his own, and the man on whom greatness had so suddenly been thrust, was left to kill time until nine-fifteen.

Mr. Maclane procured his requisition papers without delay and telegraphed to Dead Horse City that officers were en-route. He then closeted himself with Mr. Dunston for an hour, so that gentleman would have a full understanding of the case.

A word about Martin Dunston may not be out of place. His age was about forty, height five feet, nine; weight, even two hundred. He was a man after Allan

Pinkerton's own heart. A close cropped beard covered his face; his eyes were grey and peered out from under bushy eyebrows in a dull and stolid way. The face showed no sign of animation or alertness; his clothes were usually a mixed tweed, ready made. The suit probably cost him twelve dollars; he wore a paper collar over a flannel shirt, and a derby, somewhat battered.

The streets are full of such men: he might be a mechanic looking for work; a well-to-do carpenter enjoying a rest; a blacksmith with a religious turn, taking a little time to think; an engineer with a lay-off; possibly he was more than this—he might even be boss of a construction gang.

But he was too commonplace for conjecture; and so dull that he excited no suspicions, even in the minds of criminals—they might chaff him and ask after the crops, and they occasionally did. No one of course would really affront him—men who weigh two hundred, who have

square jaws, wear thick soled boots, and seldom talk, are safe from insult at least.

Yet here was the shrewdest working detective New England has ever known. Governor Long once said that if Martin Dunston chose he would make the smoothest confidence man in America.

Dunston had been a patrolman and won his sergeant's stripes in a peculiar way. Seeing the glimmer of a match in a Tremont street store at three o'clock one morning, he slipped off his boots and going around to the back door of the store he found it unlocked. He managed to bar it so to stop any exit by that route, then went down through a coal hole that was open, made his way up through the store and captured two burglars at the point of his revolver. He compelled these men to manacle each other, then waited for daylight.

At nine o'clock Mr. Maclane and Mr. Dunston appeared at the Kneeland Street station. Dunston had fifteen hundred dollars in gold in a belt about his waist,

a revolver in the inside pocket of his sack coat (he was too wise ever to reach toward his hip), certain warrants and requisition papers pinned into the breast pockets of his vest, loose money in several places for expenses, and a shining patent leather valise containing several sets of hand-cuffs.

Mr. Sarony arrived an hour before. As he was going "Out West" he had donned a blue flannel shirt, discarded suspenders for a leather tennis belt, and had purchased an imitation sombrero which he wore jauntily turned up on one side.

Mr. Maclane noticed the outfit and could not repress a smile. Dunston shook hands awkwardly when introduced and noticed nothing. But Mr. Sarony did. He looked his partner over carefully from shining valise to paper collar: he was sorely disappointed. "A regular greenhorn," he said to himself, and if it had not been Mr. Maclane that introduced the man, he could never have

believed that this was the great Dunston who unraveled the Middletown mystery. The detective's make-up was the art that conceals the art, but Mr. Sarony did not perceive the fact. How could he?

Then another disappointment was in store for the amateur detective—Mr. Dunston did not care to take a sleeping car. He preferred to ride with "the folks."

Mr. Maclane shook hands with the pair and said, "Good luck to you, boys," as he turned and went away.

The dashing Mr. Sarony followed "the greenhorn" into the smoker where they took seats. Mr. Sarony had anticipated a picnic; but this did not look like one. Mr. Dunston settled himself in a seat and went to sleep without relating a single Old Sleuth yarn.

At noon the next day they were at Niagara Falls, the next morning at Chicago, the next forenoon at ten o'clock they were in Denver. They took a carriage for the State House and Mr.

Dunston's papers were properly endorsed without question. At eight o'clock that night Pueblo was reached; it was too late to get a train out on the Rio Grande, but there was one that started at five in the morning.

Mr. Sarony's sombrero was no longer turned up on one side; it hung down all around in a very woe-begone condition; his eyes were bloodshot and face black with soot and travel stain; his head throbbed and everything was in a whirl. Dunston was black with dust but had an enormous appetite. After supper he smoked his pipe with relish. Then they went to bed and had not slept an hour before they were dragged out for the five o'clock train. At least this is what Mr. Sarony averred. After a long, hot, tedious day's journey they reached Dead Horse City. The cool mountain night was settling down and it caused Sarony to shake as though with a chill.

They enquired the way to the Grand Central Hotel. It did not at all resemble

the cut on the envelopes that Mr. Biffer had used, but there was only one hotel in the place. They entered and were well stared at by the loafers in the barroom.

The landlord bustled out from behind the bar, asked if they were from Boston, shook hands with them, said he was expecting them and would send at once for the U. S. Marshal—Kiuse Joe, or more properly Mr. Joseph Biffer.

So Mr. Biffer was sent for, also the sheriff. Then the landlord and the two gentlemen of Verona adjourned to a back room.

The sheriff was a boy of about nineteen, who had been appointed to office as a reward, the landlord privately explained to Mr. Sarony, for having filled Cyclone Sam with buckshot. The Cyclone had twice taken the town; on his third appearance he met his Waterloo.

Mr. Biffer, the U. S. Marshal, was slouching, bewhiskered, but tried hard to be polite. He insisted on treating the strangers, so bottles and glasses were

brought in and business began at once.

"I suppose you have the prisoners all right for us?" said Mr. Dunston.

"Oh yes, they're all right, the sheriff here knows that!"

Mr. Dunston stated that he was anxious to get off with his men on the morning train; could it be arranged?

Mr. Biffer said it could be arranged. The sheriff was willing, the landlord had no objection, but coughed and said he was afraid it would hurry matters. Besides there were little preliminaries in such matters that must be attended to.

"Oh, you mean the reward! I have the fifteen hundred dollars in gold and Mr. Sarony here knows both parties well. As soon as you show us the men, and Mr. Sarony identifies them, why, I pay you the fifteen hundred dollars. Here are the requisition papers!"

Mr. Biffer took the papers, held them upside down and gazed at them with lack lustre eye. Then he handed the

documents to the sheriff who examined the back of one and passed it to the landlord, who declined to throw a shadow of suspicion on the eminent Pinkertons by even looking at it.

"If youse say it is straight—why that's nuff said—I never questions the word of a true gent—never, by gawd!"

Mr. Sarony said something about the satisfaction of doing business with business men and proceeded to sample the whiskey for the third time.

Mr. Dunston thanked the gentlemen for their courtesy and arose, suggesting that they adjourn to the jail at once and take a look at the prisoners, then if he and his partner could be excused they would go to bed. They had been travelling constantly for four days and were very tired.

"Cert'nly!" said the U. S. Marshal.

"In course!" said the sheriff.

The landlord coughed.

"Well?" said Mr. Dunston when they all sat still leaving him standing—"Well?"

"You see," said the landlord, "we haven't our jail done yit!"

"What's that!"

"We have no jail—only the ground where it's goin' to be."

"And where are the prisoners?"

"Now sit down—I told you there's no need of bein' in a rush—you see the pris'ners is not yet took. We have got 'em, but they are a ways back in the country—at a summer resort, a san-tear-um—there for their health you know. Now if the Marshal shows 'em to you I b'lieve you said you'd fork over the dust?"

"Yes, show them to me and the reward will be paid."

"Wall, the Marshal is a leetle queer—he hasn't been round as much as we'uns has—he's suspicious. Now if you give that money to me to give to the Marshal just as soon as he shows you the pris'ners, then he'll show 'em to youse. I'll go 'long, and if he don't show you the pris'ners I'll give you the money back—see?"

Mr. Dunston did not see. In fact he felt that there was an attempt being made to swindle him. He refused to discuss the matter further, but told the landlord that if he would show himself and Mr. Sarony a room they would go to bed.

The landlord was very gracious and insisted on all hands taking a nightcap at his expense.

Then the strangers were lighted to a room about as big as a dry goods box. Sarony was half drunk and so tired and sick that he fell on the bed without removing his boots and was soon in a profound stupor.

Mr. Dunston was in no such haste. He carefully examined his revolver, pushed the bed up against the door and sat down to have a quiet smoke. Then he placed a pillow on the floor, and rolling up in a blanket, lay down and went to sleep. The sun was shining brightly when he awoke.

He shook Mr. Sarony into a sitting posture and they went down stairs and

washed at a horse trough in front of the hotel, had "something" with the smiling landlord, then sat down to a good breakfast of ham, fried potatoes, corn bread and coffee.

Then Mr. Dunston and Mr. Sarony took a walk around town. They called in at the office of The Consolidated Mining Company, which seemed to be the only really business-like place in the town. The Secretary was an Eastern man of some education.

In reply to Mr. Dunston's inquiries he explained that he did not know the sheriff; and did not consider Mr. Biffer, the constable or marshal or whatever he called himself, reliable. Mr. Henderson, the landlord, was a man of some property, and was thought to be reasonably but not absurdly honest. He was often entrusted with large amounts as a stakeholder for bets, etc. In fact he was the "official stakeholder" of Dead Horse City.

The two gentlemen from Boston went

back to the hotel and Mr. Dunston requested the landlord to send for the sheriff and the U. S. Marshal. Soon they appeared and all adjourned, just as the night before, to the back room. Bottles and glasses were brought in as a matter of course. The barroom loafers thought that merely a quiet game of draw was in progress, and they were right.

"Mr. Biffer," began Mr. Dunston at once, "I have the money here for your reward as soon as you produce the men—are you going to produce them?"

"Naw, I'm afeared of you—give the money to the ramrod—all as he said—when I shows you the men—the ramrod gives me the money—if I don't show you the men, he gives the money back to you and no harm done!"

"If you do not show me the men within twenty-four hours, then he is to return my money."

"If I don't show you the men in a week—they may be off fishin' or suthin'!"

"Very well—here is the money."

Mr. Dunston brought forth his money belt and counted out fifteen piles of shining gold—one hundred dollars in each pile.

The landlord gave a receipt for it.

"When shall we start?"

"To-morrow mornin'."

"Not before to-morrow?"

"Naw!"

"Very well, you shall have your way this time."

At eight o'clock the next morning five saddle horses and a pack mule were in front of the Grand Central Hotel.

Mr. Henderson, Mr. Biffer, Mr. Dunston, Mr. Sarony and the sheriff mounted.

Mr. Sarony's horse refused to start. Someone on the veranda called, "It's the Lamb; he's gentle; give him the spurs."

The advice was followed—a bystander fired his revolver in the air—and the animal made a plunge forward, kicked, then bucked and sent the luckless rider sprawling in the dust. The horse, looking

very innocent, walked slowly around to the corral back of the hotel.

There was much loud laughter from the crowd that had assembled to see the travelers off; evidently they had anticipated the performance.

Mr. Sarony was picked up, somewhat bruised and very much frightened. While a new horse was being procured it cost him just three dollars for drinks, which he paid rather than run the risk of giving offense. Why he should supply fun for a crowd by being nearly killed and then buy whiskey for these same men, was a proceeding not explained in Mr. Sarony's book on Logic.

A docile horse was procured and the five men rode away.

They were gone just ten days.

Then they all came back, just as they had started; only the pack mule's burden was much lightened.

All were in good spirits save Mr. Dunston and Mr. Sarony: they seemed worn and distressed. They took the

train at once for the East. In four days they reached Boston.

"Did you bring your men?" asked Mr. Maclane as they entered the Pinkerton office.

"No, sir."

"Ah, I thought it was a fake—but we are used to such things."

"I brought neither the men nor the money, sir!"

"What! you have not lost that fifteen hundred dollars?"

"I did not bring the men, and I was swindled out of the money," answered Mr. Dunston.

BOOK IV.

I.

THE first rays of the rising sun shone straight up the canyon and filled the cave where the sleepers lay with strange luminous gleams. Wrapped in the warm robes the three men sat up and looked around at the soft, golden reflection which came from the yellow walls.

"Gents, this is a queer deal, but a lucky one. Thar is jest two weeks in every year when the sun can shine into this here tenement of clay—only two weeks, gents, and then only for a minute at a time!" Even as he spoke, the bright glow seemed to be dying away. "Come boys, we'll watch old Sol push on past the canyon."

And as on the ocean one sees the sun gradually sink beneath the waste of waters, so the three men with heads thrust out of the opening, watched the sun

disappear past the point of the palisade, on his southward march.

These three faces peering out of a hole in the side of a solid stone wall, would have made a choice picture for an artist in search of the picturesque. One head was sandy, inclining to plain red, the next was white, then came a towsled shock of brown.

Mr. Johnson suggested that they get out at once and go to the top of the hill to view the scene; the Professor wished to remain and study the hieroglyphics in the cave; but Pete declared there was no time for either.

"Thar's work to do gents—good, old fashioned work—we've got to git this canyon blocked so as to hold out agin the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"Do you think They can find us here?"

"Find us! in course They can—a blind man could foller our trail—we must git ready to hold down this claim agin all hell!"

But seeing that he had made a little deeper impression than he intended, like a man who has frightened his wife when he only meant to rally her, Pete sought to lessen the effect of his tragic remarks by adding:

"You see, boys, thar's insecks round here—heaps o' insecks, I'm nervous—we must perteck ourselves."

"Insects—why, what kinds?"

"Bars and wolves and mountain lions and sich; we'll jest run a stone wall 'cross here—make a gate of cottonwood logs and then we're ready to receive visitors."

By this time they were clothed, although not exactly in their right minds. A fire was started and breakfast was soon steaming on a great flat rock that served for a table. A hurried wash of hands and faces in the cold waters of the spring and a flinging of hands and shaking of heads in lieu of towel, and the trio began to eat.

"Some folks allus prays, that is, they says a now-I-lay-me, or suthin', before

eatin'," began Pete; "as for me, I'm thankful all the time, and if God knows ev'rything, and I s'pose he does, in course he knows it. What's the use of tellin' a man like God things he knows already before? It's foolishness! that's what 'tis! Then why give thanks when you eat and not when you see the long streaked yaller rays of the sun come a smilin' in on you in the mornin'? Now wasn't that a poorty sight this mornin'—finer than any picture was ever made. The yaller and the gold, and yet what did we do? Jest stared with mouths open and eyes bulgin' —and never give thanks at all. People don't know when they are really thankful I reckon—they are too happy to think about God's gittin' mad cause they don't say 'much obleeged.' Now thar was a feller from the States once who I took across the plains and he says to me, says he, 'Pete, I only give thanks before lamb'"——

"What's that?"

"He says, says he, 'I only give thanks for a lamb.'"

"For that wild horse?"

"No, it's a horse on you."

"Oh, you mean, he said 'I only give thanks before Shakespeare,'" explained Mr. Johnson.

"Do I? Wall perhaps I do if you say so—'skuse me."

"Yes, Charles Lamb said it."

"Wall, Johnsing, you're so smart s'pose you just scoot up to the top of the hill and take a look 'round, git a view of the animiles and be back in fifteen minutes. It'ull be good for your wholesome."

The student departed, eating corn bread as he went.

Reaching the top of the hill he found a plateau as level as a floor save for several peculiar small mounds. The soil was thin and sandy, so there was no vegetation except a few stunted bushes. In every direction lay the level plain of the valley, while away to the east was the mountain range that they had crossed: each beetling crag and valley and twisted tree and "slashing" marking the wild

rush of an avalanche, stood out as clear as if etched on brass. Johnson traced the path down which they had come and could almost make out the hoof prints of their horses on the white dust of the plain.

He walked slowly around the entire hilltop and saw the white-capped peaks of several mountains that lifted themselves to the sky off to the west. Rolling up the sides were vast cumuli of white mist that moved like giant vagrant spirits over the gray waste of rock and crag. At the foothills of the mountain less than a mile away was a small grove of cottonwood and these with a few trees at the mouth of the canyon seemed the only variation to the never ending sage, cacti and buffalo grass.

Johnson was a poet spoiled by a scientific bent. The splendid blue sky, the rising sun, the great level plain of the valley stretching off to the north and south, miles on miles, the mountains on either hand, the great silence over all,

and he the only man—the "first man"—standing on this pin head of earth viewing the scene, filled his soul with awe.

Gradually the spirit of the scientist came forth and he began to speculate on the geologic joke of this hill, forgotten by nature, and left standing in what had once been the bed of a mighty river.

Like all scientists, when an idea took possession of him he wanted to discuss it with another. Straightway he started down the narrow cut to get the old professor and bring him up to view this most wonderful of wonderful phenomena.

"And how air the animiles?" spoke Pete.

"The animals? why bless me, I forgot all about them."

"Now did you though—what in tarnashun did I send you up thar fer?"

Johnson tried to apologize, and then as men often run away to escape the rasping tongue of a woman so did Johnson hasten down out of the canyon to find the horses. The animals were all lying

down in the lee of the hill where they got the warm reflection of the sun's rays. But forgetting to go back and report, the man walked around the hill and looked up at the overhanging ledge which ran around the whole formation. It was surely a natural fortress; and by guarding the canyon the place for a second Thermopylae.

"Wall, how is it?" asked the guide when Johnson finally returned.

"Oh, the horses are all right—and the view"——

"Never mind that. Did you see any game?"

"Yes, dozens of antelopes only a mile away, and several buffaloes over to the east near where we came down the mountain."

"Bufflers! there ain't no bufflers within five hundred mile!"

Pete hastened to the top of the cliff. In ten minutes he returned.

"Gents, we're goin' to have callers—your bufflers are men on horseback—

five of 'em—they'll be here in two hours!"

"Who are they do you think?"

"Oh, Jagoold and the rest of your friends, I reckon."

The horses and burros were all brought up the canyon, and then there was some sharp, quick work in making a barricade of stones across the mouth of the pass.

The old man trembled with fear, but did his best in his weak way to pile up the bowlders.

From time to time Pete or Johnson would go to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. The five horsemen were coming across the valley straight to the Last Stand.

They had approached within two miles when the old professor climbed into the cave, and by his request the entrance was covered with loose stones. Then the other two men, each with a Winchester and a belt full of cartridges, went to the top of the hill and lay concealed in the sage brush near the edge of the cliff.

The horsemen following the hoofprints in the sand, were headed straight for the entrance to the pass—they had approached to within a hundred yards. Pete's Winchester rang out and a bullet went singing a merry anthem over the heads of the advancing men. Their horses stopped instantly.

One man called out: "Hello, we are friends—hello, hello!"

But there was no reply—no one in sight. Two of the visitors carried rifles and the others had pistols at their belts, but all were wise enough to make no show of fight.

After waiting five minutes and receiving no answer to their "hello's," one of the men dismounted and standing clear of his horse, laid down his rifle, removed his pistols and holding his hands above his head advanced toward that part of the cliff from whence he had seen the puff of smoke.

"See, gentlemen, I'm unarmed, I'm the sheriff and there's no use of your

making a row. I have warrants for you all—you might as well give up peaceable!"

The man was an intelligent young fellow and seemingly honest.

Pete edged out of his hiding place and sat on the ground, rifle in hand.

"What we done that you want to 'rest us fer?"

"Well, you robbed Joseph Biffer, and he has sworn out warrants against you."

"Who is your Biffer man?"

"Kiuse Joe, his other name is—you better give in—we want no blood shed!"

"I'm sorry, cause if you did we can 'commodate you. How much did we rob the gentleman of?"

"You stole his horse, and took a big wad of greenbacks from him. Then you tied him on a horse; he was nearly dead when the horse brought him home. The brute lay down in a buffalo wallow and rolled with him in the mud. Are you going to come down and give up?"

"Yes, we're going to give up in a

minute—give up about a hundred rounds of lead. Say, s'pose we give up the long greenish green that we stole from Joe, will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, give up the money and I will let you go."

"You won't 'rest us?"

"No!"

"Shall we let the money down over the side of the rock?"

"Yes."

"Wall, first hadn't you better read the warrants?"

The man produced three protentous pieces of paper and proceeded to read them. One warrant was for John Doe, the other was for Richard Roe and the third for Peter Smith, "alias Rattlesnake Pete."

The Sheriff read each warrant in a loud oyez, oyez voice, holding the document up in two hands. He had nearly completed reading the third when a rifle spoke and the paper leaped out of the grasp of the astonished man. Pete had

slipped back behind the sage and sent a bullet within three inches of the sheriff's nose. This was followed up with a perfect fusilade of shots that plowed the sand and stones all about the poor man's feet. It sounded as if a Gatling gun was being worked by a lunatic. The fellow started to run and as he ran the bullets went singing over his head.

"Don't kill him—don't kill him," begged Johnson in a hoarse whisper.

"I would not harm a har of his baby head," said Pete as he filled the magazine of his rifle with cartridges.

The sheriff had reached his horse, and the five horsemen started away on a gallop that in an instant broke into an absolute run and a race for life. They were making straight back for the dreamy East.

The old man was rejoiced to be let out of the cave by those whom he thought were surely dead; for how could so much shooting occur and still no one be hurt? He did not know that in war it takes eight hundred pounds of lead to kill a man.

"And the worst of it is," said Pete as he cut off a needlessly large chew of tobacco, "that dam poppin' of shootin' irons scairt our antelope. Ven'son is what I need, not Bunker Hill beans!"

II.

THE receding cloud of dust that marked the disappearance of "They" gave fresh courage.

The afternoon was spent in dragging willow and cottonwood logs from the grove a mile away. A lariat with one end tied to the horn of a saddle and the other to the log did the business. A strong gate was made of these logs. The gate opened outward and fastened with a bar on the inside. This was placed at the narrowest part of the pass—about fifty feet from the entrance. This gate was ten feet high, and was strong enough to withstand a siege from any barbaric host that might assail it. The Professor ventured an obscure joke about St. Peter guarding the gate, but it went for naught.

Johnson called it "the narcotic," because when locked by the bar, it tended

to give sound sleep to those inside. The word narcotic was a new one to the Rattlesnake's vocabulary, but he was an apt student in this direction, listening closely to conversations between the Professor and Mr. Johnson. The gate was spoken of somewhat promiscuously as the neurotic, the pneumatic or the narcotic, but always with intent to its somniferous effects and peace tending qualities.

Pete's craving for venison was fully satisfied when Johnson brought in a fine young buck a few days after.

The guide had seen the drove feeding a mile away to the south and had directed Johnson to take his rifle and crawl to a certain point and wait until the antelope should feed up within range.

"In course he can't kill one—but it keeps him busy," said Pete to himself, unconsciously using the Froebel methods.

But Johnson had surprised both himself, the guide and the buck; and that night when they dined on venison steak

made merry remarks about the party being "strictly buck." Pete was inwardly a bit jealous of this first kill and felt that he must do something worthy or his prestige might wane.

"Talkin' of bars, gents," (nothing had been said of bars) "why, do you know, I think we should have a skin or two—it 'ull be winter if we wait—and we must have an overcoat apiece, and as fer bar meat, it ain't half bad!"

So Pete explained that in a certain ravine about ten miles away bears were supposed most to congregate.

"We'ull jest shet the old man up in the cave, as we did before, and me and you'ull go, Johnsing, to-morrer."

But this matter of fact way of shutting the Professor up in a hole did not meet with Mr. Johnson's approval, besides that the old gentlemen did not relish it either.

"We won't be gone over night, and if we are you'ull have grub enough in the coop!"

Pete had probably heard of certain

mothers who dispose of their children in this way when they wish to go visiting. Perhaps he himself had been locked up at home when a youngster—and so long as the old man was "safe in the cave what t'ells the odds!" he argued.

But Johnson would not listen to it.

So it was arranged that the next day they would all go on a bear hunt. Professor Wilson had never shot a rifle and could not be induced to handle one. In fact he did not approve of using a gun save for the purpose of self-protection, to kill game that was necessary for food, or to secure wild animals for scientific purposes. Being a Professor he had three reasons for most everything.

Pete declared that he stood exactly on the same platform and that although he had killed men and "injuns" and "varmint," and "insecks" and "animiles" it was never except for a purpose that would go in one of the three categories mentioned.

But no amount of argument could

induce the old gentlemen to take to marksmanship.

"Yet you have taught the young idea to shoot," interposed Johnson.

"Yes, but not a rifle!"

"P'raps 'twas a blunderbuss," interposed Pete.

They started on their bear hunt next day: went on horseback, all three. They started early and returned late. They had seen bear tracks but no bears; and Pete was tired, hungry and in very bad humor when they dismounted at the entrance to Thermopylæ Pass.

It was dusk.

They unsaddled their horses and turned the animals loose. Each man shouldered his big Mexican saddle. They entered the pass single file: Johnson first, Wilson second and Pete behind. They had nearly reached the mouth of the cave when Johnson saw something that caused him to turn and run against the Professor with such force that that worthy gentleman was thrown from his feet and dashed

full on the bosom of Pete. The loose shale slipped beneath their feet and the three men and the three big saddles reeled, tottered like an empire, and fell into a confused heap. The three men sat up and as they did so they heard a wild scramble of feet hurrying up the canyon.

Johnson and Wilson picked themselves up, but the guide still sat on the ground.

"Wall?" said Pete.

"It is They," said the old man.

"But that's no reason fer runnin' over a feller and then sittin' on him!"

Johnson stood with gun in hand peering up the dark ravine. A torch was lighted and things were found in direst jumble. The carcass of the antelope had been pulled down from where it hung, packages upset, bags rooted into, dishes broken and merry havoc played.

"Bars!" said Pete.

"I thought so," said Johnson. "I saw one leap out of the cave, and two of them scurried up the pass."

"That was why you milled on us!"

"Yes, I was going to run back and get my rifle!"

"Of course—seein' you had it under your arm all the time!"

"Well, who wouldn't be frightened just a little to see bears in such a place?"

"But we've been lookin' for 'em all day!"

"Yes, if we'd stayed at home, we would have found them. All things come to those who wait."

"Gents, I don't know how 'tis with you, but I'm hungry!" and Pete started to make a fire.

"Not supper with those bears up there!"

"Yes, they can't git down."

"Except this way."

"Sure."

"That's the trouble!"

"No danger gents, we've got them bars!"

"I think they have us," said Johnson.

Then Pete went about getting supper

and he was in a better humor than he had been for days. He explained that black bears were regular pets. These bears were not hungry, for they had eaten up a lot of good "grub," so there was no danger. Then they had the whole top of the Last Stand over which to gambol. No bear would ever attack a man near a fire anyway, so Pete proposed to rest easy until morning, get a good night's sleep and then after breakfast go up on top and have some fun.

Neither Johnson nor Wilson could eat much supper, but Pete ate enough for three, and regaled the others with bear stories to which they did not listen. Then he chuckled to himself over what he would do if the sheriff should come back now. He mourned over the fact that that gentleman had come so soon: and if the posse should then appear he would hide Johnson and Wilson in the cave, and then inveigle the party to the top of the hill where he would make them dance it out with the bears in a bear dance.

Then he filled his pipe and called on memory or imagination, or both, for more bear stories.

Finally at Professor Wilson's earnest request, they carried their bedding outside of the gate and laid down to rest, but not to sleep. For Pete had bear stories to tell nearly all night.

"Who'd ever thought we would git on the outside of the pneumatic for pertection!" said Pete.

At last came the struggling light of early dawn; and the three men were up and dressed before the long yellow vagrant rays came streaking up the canyon.

A hurried breakfast, and the Professor crawled into the cave and was duly walled up with many stones interlarded with jokes from Pete. The guide and Johnson examined their rifles and started for the top. Cautiously, with guns ready for a quick shot, they ascended the canyon. In places they could plainly see bruin's plantigade tracks spread out like footsteps of a poet upon the sands of time.

At length their heads came on a level with the plateau; they looked stealthily, but nothing was to be seen.

Thinking the game might be hiding behind the sage brush, the men separated and moved slowly forward. But there were no bears on top of the Last Stand. It was full seventy feet of abrupt fall to the ground from any point, and although a bear can take quite a drop without dislocating his vertebra, this tumble would have been too much even for a very reckless bear. Pete knew this.

But a clue to the mysterious disappearance was discovered—a safe clue. The bears had found the entrance to a cave. In this they were wiser than Pete, for he never knew of the existence of this cavern.

The hole where the bears had gone down was about twenty feet from the south edge of the cliff. The bears had dug out the stones and loose earth and the marks their bodies left in squeezing through the crevice were plainly visible.

Pete did not care to follow and Johnson was not anxious; but both looked down that hole, and then they looked at each other. They saw that the apperture gradually widened and led off on an angle toward the cliff. . Pete shouted down into the blackness but bruin had nothing to say. However an echo came back that told clearly that the place was hollow, and probably many feet in extent.

Pete guarded the bear cave with cocked rifle,while Johnson, prone on his stomach, looked over the edge of the cliff. About fifteen feet below was a slight ledge that ran for perhaps forty feet along the cliff. From this ledge, which did not seem more than a yard wide, were several holes leading into the face of the rock.

Johnson crawled back and leaving Pete, who sat smoking, watching the bear hole, he ran down and liberated the man of science.

Soon the two came back, greatly excited and in hot argument.

"They are not Athapascan, I tell you,"

said the old man, "they are Aztecan or were built by people allied to the Aztecs —a prehistoric people—a full thousand years ago!"

"I think not, let me explain—"

"You are presumptuous, sir. I have made this subject a specialty, sir, for forty years. This spot was the home of the Cliff Dweller. That ledge leads off into dozens of apartments, and we must examine them all. This is the greatest scientific discovery made since 1817, when Colonel Burleigh dug into those mounds at Tehuauntepec—I will prove it to you, sir—now follow me."

The Professor of Biology had dropped on his knees to crawl into the bear's den. Pete's pipe fell from his mouth in horror, and he started up, but Johnson, younger and quicker, seized the old man by the legs and dragged him back.

A consultation was held.

It was decided to block up this bear pit in the interests of science: if there was an entrance from the cave out on to

the ledge the bears would find it. So logs were dragged up and jammed into the hole, and then all was filled in with rubble and a pile of stones erected that might have served to mark the grave of an Indian chief.

The bears were fast.

Pete went down the ravine and cut off pieces of venison which he brought back and dropped down on the ledge.

The next morning the pieces of meat had disappeared. By going around down on the level and looking up the men could see where the bears had enlarged the entrance to several caves; probably in a search for freedom.

More food was dropped down on the ledge.

In three days the bears would come on call and lift up their noses to catch up the choice morsels that were dropped down to them. Mornings, when the weather was warm and pleasant, they would lie on the shelving rock, blinking in the sun that cheers but not inebriates.

III.

"THE one valid objection to heaven"—says a latter day pessimist, "is its one eternal round of monotonous felicity."

Life at Thermopylæ Pass was full enough of perplexing care to give existence its necessary changes; yet the Professor was not happy. He longed to investigate that line of caves along the face of the cliff, and still he would not consent that the bears should be killed. The bears had investigated the caves and jealous as men of science, would kill any one else that attempted to investigate them, at least Rattlesnake Pete said so.

The pair was duly christened (from a safe distance) Antony and Cleopatra. They would lie in one of the caves, with their heads out of the entrance, and grunt back sleepy nods of recognition to their captors who jeered down at them. This

action of the captors was like unto that of men who abuse others over a long distance telephone; yet in the hearts of the bears there was no malice. So long as Antony had his Cleopatra, why should there be ?

Johnson and the old gentlemen made a series of experiments to see what food they liked best. They tossed down roots, barks, grubs, grass and meat, making a system of marks to show the avidity with which Antony and legal mate licked up the menu. Grubs were adopted as the standard of comparison and duly registered 100. Certain barks were placed at 80, a peculiar swale grass at 75, and the scale ran down to jerked venison which marked 48, with Boston baked beans at only 25.

The country for several miles around was scoured for new products; these were offered at certain hours to the bears and the effect registered. But this was not without much disputation and hot bringing forth of facts from various works

on Zoology and Natural History. And as these books could only be cited, and not produced, accusations were made of wrong quoting, and exceptions duly noted and filed. All being duly recorded on birch bark for future reference and final settlement.

No ink, pens or paper had been brought, but Pete shot an eagle and the pinions made good writing quills. Then ink was manufactured from a certain root which was boiled in water, and the birch bark cut in foolscap size was as good as Taylor's Dekle Edge with a water mark.

A book was being written on "Bear-ology"—giving all the facts as to breeding, change of coats, habits, characteristics, etc., interspersed with stories supplied by Pete, throwing new light on certain bearish tendencies. Occasionally an argument would come up as to the advisability of sacrificing the bears for truth's sake, so that the caves might be investigated. A secret ballot was

taken on the matter of execution. Two votes were in favor of imprisonment for life and one for the death penalty. There was little doubt but that Pete voted for the latter—in fact he afterward showed his prejudice against Antony and Cleopatra by exhibiting certain cicatrices on his torso; which scars, by the way, were made to serve equally well for Indian battles and personal encounters on questions of honor. These facts were duly registered as "exceptions" on the birch bark. Above all things a scientific investigator should show an unbiased mind; and that the expedition was in the interests of science both Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson stoutly maintained.

"How about They?" said Pete.

"The fact is, They are conservatives and therefore afraid of advanced truth—that is why they have sought to defeat us!" explained Johnson.

The mounds at the top of the hill had been a source of curiosity to the old gentleman from the first. It was now

decided to let the bears hold the caves, rent free, for the present, and an investigation of the mounds should be begun. So digging operations were commenced.

Samples of earth at various depths were regularly taken and properly labeled. Nothing of value was found, although a depth of ten feet was reached. But the earth all along showed that it had been disturbed, but not by nature's planning, so hope beat high.

They had dug for nearly a week with pick and shovel and the old gentleman in his eager curiosity had put forth more effort than he was aware. He was suddenly taken ill with fever and delirium and all digging was suspended.

On the third night of his illness as Johnson and Pete sat by the fire outside the cave where the old man lay, the far away howl of a wolf was heard. Soon it was answered by another, then another. The sounds came nearer. In half an hour they were heard at the entrance of the canyon, only a few hundred feet away.

"There's no danger," said Pete in answer to an inquiring look from Johnson, "only it's not pleasant. I've been hugged by bars, chawed by painters, clawed by linkses, treed by wild hogs, tramped by bucks, horned by bufflers and tossed by an elk, but I never yet had a wolf tooth set in my hide. When I do, I'm gone—for when a wolf bites, mind you, he means biz. I had a brother who was a sailor and he tole me 'bout a thing as you call a shark—lives in water and very seldom comes on land. Wall, the wolf is the shark of the forest. He jest hangs 'round and waits. If a man is sick in a cabin all the wolves in that section know it and they form a circle and jest wait and howl. Then they wait for a sick horse or a buffler cow 'bout to calve. They are like the pawn-brokers it St. Louis—they know when you are hard-up. Now they know the old man is sick—to-morrow he will be dead—or better!"

The night was rather cloudy; but now and again the moon shown through the

rifts bright and clear, and her rays fell with glint and shimmer on the desert patches of alkali dust.

Pete took his rifle and went down and out of the ravine. The howls ceased for a time and then were continued from a distance back. The scout walked clear around the hillock and then lay down behind a bowlder near the entrance to the pass.

Johnson looked after the sick man, piled more wood on the fire and waited. He was getting quite uneasy over the long stay of his companion: he had been gone nearly two hours.

The howls could still be heard, first from one side then another, then from near the pass.

Johnson looked up at the sky and suddenly saw the moon, bright and resplendent, shining through an opening between two black clouds. At the instant came the sharp echoing report of Pete's rifle, fired three times in lightning succession.

Soon the guide appeared, very full of jokes, and quite sure that he had a dead wolf outside. The howls ceased, but were heard coming from a distance occasionally during the night.

In the morning, sure enough there was not only one dead wolf, but two. Pete's reputation was redeemed. The "varmint" were dragged in so the sick man could stroke the fur with his hands. The event seemed to work a change in his condition, for he began to mend at once.

"You must mount them Mr. Johnson—mount them," said the old man in a feeble voice.

And so Mr. Johnson set to work to mount the two wolves. He had had a little experience in this line and finally a fairly good job was done. Round pieces of white quartz were colored with ink and inserted in lieu of glass eyes. Pete thought it great fun to place the wolves, half masked behind foliage, in positions near the entrance to the pass, and then speculate on what certain men might do

should they walk up the pass and suddenly discover the glare of those glassy eyes.

Not long after a fine specimen of mountain lion was secured. The Professor took a boyish delight in helping mount the animal. It was placed on a flat rock, just at the entrance to the path, the intention being to take it inside the cave as soon as the skin was sufficiently cured.

Nothing would answer next but a bear. The three men had reached a dead lock as to certain points in a bear's anatomy, each holding a separate view. Antony and Cleopatra could be examined any time and each man had offered to lower the others over the ledge to make investigations, but none cared to go; and killing the bears was out of the question. It would have been red murder. In fact they seemed a part of the family, and their wants were looked after with great regularity.

The exploring of the mounds had again commenced. The digging was

difficult, and perhaps this had something to do with Pete's agitation of the bear problem: he must kill a bear.

So he was allowed to go off on little expeditions of his own, on his promise to return each night. He killed several deer, a few jack rabbits and a coyote, but he brought back no bears. Splendid strings of mountain trout were caught: this was all right for *materialis*, but was not exactly in the interests of science.

On Pete's return after one of his hunting trips, the Professor and Johnson had great news to tell him. They had dug to a purpose and several skeletons, quantities of curious pottery, beads and various bronze implements had been unearthed. These bronze tools proved the antiquity of the place and corroborated the Professor's theories. He was in high spirits, and when Pete admitted ignorance on the subject of the Bronze Age, the Professor proposed a course of ten lectures on the subject, to be given the next month, with syllabi, and examinations to follow. A

prize to be given to the man who showed the most proficiency.

The names of Mr. Joshua Johnson and Mr. Peter Smith were duly registered for the course.

The following morning Pete feigned illness and sent the Professor and Mr. Johnson off to look after the horses. In a very short space of time they came rushing breathlessly back. The old man dived into the cave and begged to be walled up; while Johnson seized a rifle and ordered the scout to follow with another.

"Never mind," said Pete, as he struck a match on the seat of his breeches, "I killed it yesterday!"

Explanations were in order. Pete had killed a bear. He had strapped the carcass on his horse, and brought it home the night before, planting it at "the front door." By spreading out the paws so that the head rested on them and placing some sage brush near, it certainly looked like a sleeping bear that might

waken any moment. Two days were taken to skin and mount the brute. Then a full half day was spent in admiring it. Perhaps a portion of the night might have been taken too, had not a grim, quaking fear seized upon the three men. What was it?

Smoke from half a dozen camp fires, rising blue and ghostly off down the valley, five miles away.

"Injuns!" said Pete for the second time.

IV.

THE first effects of fear are the worst. But as the unknown merges into the known, reason comes back from her hiding place and the pulse approaches normal.

Rattlesnake Pete had the intuition of a wild animal, coupled with a modicum of logical power. From the number of fires started there were at least a hundred Indians in the band, he felt sure. He also knew that the Last Stand was a sacred place to certain tribes and that they came here every few years to offer sacrifices and perform peculiar religious rites.

If interfered with at such times the Indians in their frenzied zeal might kill any one who stood in their way. In fact the war-path usually takes its rise in pious fanaticism; and the numbers of "Holy Wars" that have been waged are not

limited to the excursions of Don Quixote and his fellows.

The scout knew that it was a custom of the Indians to camp some miles away from the sacred spot, and then go forward at break of day, reaching it at sunrise. So there were only two things to do: run away and leave the churchly place for the pious savages, or stay and fight them.

As for making peace, it was too risky to be considered. Indians proselyte with a tomahawk. But first of all our friends started as one man to get the three horses and the two burros inside. The animals were tethered inside the gate. This done, Pete put the case before his cabinet and the pros and cons were considered. To leave meant the relinquishment of all the scientific specimens, and further than this, when the Indians saw that the place had been recently occupied, they would follow and wreak vengeance on those who had disturbed the dust of their forefathers.

"If we are goin' to fight, what's better than to have the choosin' of the place?—but it means heaps o' dead Injuns!"

"That's good," said the old Professor, "the skeleton we dug out of the mound all fell to dust, excepting the skulls. Perhaps we can bleach a few fine specimens; you are familiar with the Parisian process, Mr. Johnson?"

Science is so coldly cruel! in this it rivals art; for the devotees of each are ever willing to sacrifice all that the hunger of their god be satisfied.

Johnson did not smile. Pete at first hardly caught the drift of the remark, but after an instant it came over him and he removed his sombrero and scratched his head.

"Wall, that beats me—I'm out of the game—I've peppered a few redskins myself, but never for scientific purposes! But 'bout them skulls, where air they?"

It seems five skulls had been secured from the mound. Johnson had placed them on a shelf in the cave. There they

were—a row of grinning yellow death's-heads; two with jaws intact showing sets of teeth that would have made a dentist write a poem, and one with a patch of long, coarse hair clinging to the cranium. Prehistoric man was neither bald nor toothless.

To the consternation of the men of science, Pete took three of the skulls in his arms, and directing Johnson to bring the others, started for the "front door." About twenty feet back from the entrance they placed five flat stones at equal distances, running across from side to side. Then on each flat stone they placed a skull. Crouching behind these they put the mountain lion, while on one side were the two wolves and on the other the black bear.

Then the gate was closed, barred and barricaded with geological specimens. Rifles were cleaned, cartridge belts filled, and the old gentleman shown how to replenish the magazines. He got quite into the martial spirit and assuming a

swashing air, even consented to fire a rifle: but this could not be thought of. "Wait 'till to-morrow, Uncle, and you will have a chance to pop; I don't want to die now!"

The fire was put out, and there was a wait of several hours for daylight.

But no sleep came—stories of Indian fights were supplied by Pete instead. And as Pete's party always came out victorious, the effect of the recital was not so trying to tired nerves as one might at first suppose. Fiction is often an inciter of bravery.

Our trio of friends sat on top of the cliff straining their gaze off to the south, and listening for sounds. But there came only the sighing of the night wind, the occasional howl of a wolf, or the hoot of an owl. The stars gradually blinked out of sight: the darkness deepened. A solitary streak of pink shot up suddenly across the black of the east, then another and another. The south wind blowing in gentle swells—now ceasing and then

coming again—brought faint echos of peculiar sounds—ki, ki, yi, yi, yi, yi—in shrill monotone, and with this a harsh, dull echo of drumming.

The Indians were advancing.

The ominous sounds grew plainer—nearer, nearer.

From equator to zenith the east was all aglow, but still nothing could be seen of the oncoming army. The sounds grew harsher—the hosts of the Unseen were advancing.

Pete fumbled his rifle nervously. He ordered the other two men to lie concealed, and on no account to fire until they heard his rifle. Then he slipped off down the canyon to defend the pass.

The shadows of the night stole softly away and released one by one the distant mountain peaks, the waving trees at the foothills and the stretching plain. From out the grey nothingness emerged glaring colors of yellow, red, blue and brown.

The old man had dropped his rifle and lay half insensible with fright. On a

word from Johnson he peered through the sage brush and the rich wierdness of the savage pageantry held him fast. As the scientific spirit came back, he forgot time and space and seemed to be staring at a panorama which had been gotten up to illustrate a life soon to be lost from earth forever.

The savages advanced in a mass. A little in front rode a naked Indian on a pure white pony. Then followed on foot full forty "bucks"—naked to the waist: their bodies painted in various fantastic stripes and curious designs. They stepped with high quick jerks; brandishing clubs or guns, and all singing that wild, shrill chant, mixed with occasional falsetto notes that gave a demoniac suggestion to the whole.

Following the men were women beating dried skins and joining in the song. Then came children riding ponies dragging packs that were tied on poles.

Straight to within ten yards of the foot of the cliff the noisy mob came; they

were almost beneath the two men who were staring at them. Then they parted in twain—half going to the right and half to the left—all the time dancing and continuing the shrill sing-song that rose and fell like the waves on a tropic beach.

Three times they encircled the sacred mountain. Then they halted for a moment at the entrance to the pass. The rude music ceased and its echo died away on the breathless air. A hot stifling silence fell.

The crash of drum beating began anew and the shrill cries began with fresh vigor.

The march had begun.

Up the canyon they came—the naked savage on the white pony at the head. Johnson caressed his Winchester—his nerves grew tense—he waited for the sharp crack of Pete's rifle. He knew it would come as a surprise to the savages and that they would rush from the pass. Then he would pour his fire down among them; the Indians would fall back and

make fresh onslaughts and so the fight might go on for days, this was what the scout had told and had not this scout been in many Indian battles?

Johnson held his breath and listened. No shot was heard. The savage cries abruptly ceased and a quick running of feet, a slipping of hoofs on loose stones was heard.

The Indians were rushing out of the canyon pell mell. The man on horseback forced his pony straight through the mass behind, knocking down warriors, women and children. Those rushing out met in fierce collision with those going in, and for a minute bucks, ponies, squaws and papooses were piled heap on heap, like the slain at Waterloo. Only these were not dead.

In five minutes the mob was a quarter of a mile away, had halted and was in startled council, staring back, gesticulating wildly. Not a shot had been fired!

"They will be back!" whispered Johnson to the old man.

The Indians were now moving around to the north of the hill, coming nearer and nearer. They had approached to a point where their repulsive painted faces could plainly be seen. Suddenly they stopped, turned and without a word started away in wild stampede.

The old man was frenzied with delight. He stood up and fired his rifle four times before Johnson realized what he was doing.

At the last shot the white pony made a mad leap into the air, fell full on its head and turned a complete somersault. The rider jumped out of the heap unhurt and hurried after his vanishing companions.

At the sound of the shooting Pete had started for the top. As his head emerged from the pass he saw the cloud of receding dust, and a smile stole over his homely, swarthy face. His glance turned in the direction of his companions, and his face turned to stone and he stood as if rivited to earth.

Johnson saw the change. He looked

behind him to see the reason of it. He saw it.

Not ten yards from where he was Antony and Cleopatra were standing erect like human beings. Their front paws were resting on each others shoulders. They were dancing a solemn minuet.

V.

BEARS are like folks. When healthy, and not very hungry, and not interfered with, they have malice toward none, but not necessarily charity for all. Antony and concubine paid no more attention to the men than if there was an impassable gulf fixed between them.

Liberty is sweet. The bears had dug their way out and had probably been loose on top of that plateau the entire night. Their soft slippered feet made no noise as they walked and gamboled, and our three friends intent on the danger at a distance, took no thought of the danger at their elbows. But just imagine stumbling over a bear in the dark!

The bears stood upright and danced a bear dance. Then they fell down and tumbled over one another like big, black

puff balls. Soon, sitting up, they got to their feet and galloped off awkwardly to the other side of the hill. Happening to think it was breakfast time and knowing that meals were always served at a certain time, they dived into their hole and then crawling out on the ledge, looked up and made plaintive whine and grunt for food.

And so the old Professor dropped the food down, while Rattlesnake Pete and Joshua Johnson worked in hot haste filling up the door and vestibule with stones. A double quantity of rock covered the den this time, and Antony and Cleopatra found, to their sorrow, that they had bartered freedom—the birthright of every bear—for a mess of pottage.

"To give the aborigines a welcome, and the bears their breakfast before we have our own, is the true Christian spirit," remarked Mr. Johnson.

Pete made no reply, but taking the Professor's rifle out of the old gentleman's hands, solemnly cut a notch in the butt

and handed the gun back. Then both Johnson and Pete shook hands with the old man—much to his astonishment.

To make things plain they pointed upward, to where three buzzards circled against the sky, and then across at the plain where lay a dead white horse.

"Who killed it?" asked the old man.

"You did, Uncle, shake again," said Pete.

"But how do you know it was my shot that killed the horse?"

"We don't know positive—nothing is sure in this life—but be'ans as no one else shot but you, we assume it, see?"

"'Hence we infer!'" interposed Johnson.

"But surely you shot too; you routed the enemy and they ran with unction."

"And with unguent," added Johnson.

"Yes, and no close on to speak of. But it was because they saw a mountain lion on good terms with a bar—somethin' no injun ever saw afore, and them wolves sort of lyin' lovin' like around loose, with

skulls to make things pleasant. You see they thought the devil was holdin' the claim down, and when they looked back and saw two big bars a dancin' the can-can up a top, they thought it was time to sneak. That's the last you'll see of them injuns fer a year—jest one year."

And so our friends started a fire and cooked breakfast; and Johnson and Pete made many foolish, irrelevant remarks on many themes, and the old Professor examined the notch in the butt of the rifle and proposed a bear hunt. He seemed to be slightly intoxicated with his prowess; still he explained that the shooting of the white horse was accidental.

"It's all right, Uncle, they was goin' to kill it anyway. They brought it fer a sacrifice—fact! But you acted as Big Medicine-man an' killed it fer 'em."

"But about the skeletons!" said Johnson.

"Oh, they carried them all away—we cannot try the Parisian process!" groaned the old man.

"And if we wasn't righteous, like Dan in the lion's den, Anthonee and Cleopatree would have chawed us and we would have all bleached together by the buzzard process! I told you we'd better kill them bars!"

"The bears are all right—I'll hitch them up some day," said Johnson.

Then they went out and buried the white horse, and discussed long on the beautiful shot the professor had made. They watched the buzzards settling down near the ground, and fired a volley at a coyote that skulked in the chaparral.

Digging in the mound was begun again the next day, and many articles of interest were brought up. All had to be labeled and due record kept of all the circumstances of the find.

The first light fall of snow had come and this reminder of winter suggested to Pete the necessity of laying in another stock of provisions. He accordingly made a trip alone as before, riding one horse and leading another, to the mining

camp forty miles away. He was gone three days but got back safely, bringing a big load of flour, tea, sugar, coffee and tobacco. For meat they relied entirely on game, and for clothing on skins.

In fact, Pete and Johnson had made three complete suits from deer skins, and by way of variation had made a "full dress suit" for the Professor: trousers of speckled antelope hide (genuine doeskin), vest of black bear and coat of grey wolf.

In bad weather the intention was to wear all of the garments wrong side out; but when the weather was pleasant and the fur was out, the variegation was extremely unique. The full dress suit was worn only on "lecture days," and on Sundays, when chapel exercises were always held and science was laid aside: only ethical problems being then discussed. This "keeping Sabbath" was a very necessary break in the routine of work and helped divide off the time. A calendar was made on the face of a flat rock in the canyon, and topics for many

discussions arranged for several months ahead. Lectures were given on each Monday, Wednesday and Friday. A course that had been given by Professor Wilson at Harvard was repeated "by request." The subject being "The Harmony of Life or the Sixteen Perfective Laws that govern the Vital Principle." On which occasions the Professor, of course, wore the full dress suit with the fur side out with care.

Mr. Johnson also gave occasional lectures on archælogy, illustrating them with specimens they had found.

And all the time the excavations were going on slowly, like the uncovering of ancient Troy.

To vary the program several short hunting trips had been made. A grizzly bear was secured and the event was so important that when old grey-back was dragged in by the help of three horses, a two weeks' vacation was ordered, and all indulged in much undignified campus frolic.

The grizzly was mounted and placed near the mouth of the canyon, a wolf on either side. Several black bears were killed and their skins made up into overcoats, all sewn with tendons for thread, and fish bones for needles, with hand-carved bone buttons. The raccoon skin caps with dangling tails were not especially handsome, but were serviceable.

There was not a razor or a pair of scissors within forty miles.

"Boys, you are hairy as goats and as brown as Blackfeet," said Pete one day.

"If I had whiskers the color of a coyote's tail I'd never mention hair," said Mr. Johnson.

The old Professor's flowing white locks and patriarchal beard made him look like Michael Angelo's Moses, a piece of art that Pete had never seen.

The days were passing pleasantly and profitably. The birch bark Ms. was piling up and the specimens accumulating so that the cave had to be enlarged by digging out the soft tufa.

Pete worked at this house building vigorously.

One day when Johnson and the Professor had been up at the mounds, and they had come back, the scout had "a 'speriment in sockdology" that he wished to try.

He ordered the two men to stay outside while he went into the cave, then after he had shouted "when" they were to follow. So they followed, but no Rattlesnake Pete was to be seen.

"It's a case of etherialization," said the Professor; "I always knew he was an adept—we will write out the circumstances and send the report to the *Arena* Magazine."

But just then Johnson lifted an overcoat that hung on an improvised peg. Behind this coat was a hole leading into an adjoining cave, where Pete sat chuckling at the hugeness of his joke.

In digging he had thrust his pick through the thin partition, and behold there was another cave as large as the

one they called "home." The outside entrance had been completely covered by a landslide in ages gone. The cave was empty save for a few broken pieces of pottery.

The Ms. and specimens were removed into this new room, which was called the laboratory.

Six months had passed—months of work, months of play, months of restful change and returning health.

A sense of security had settled like a benison over the camp. Tired nerves had become rested and calm sanity had come where before there was only crouching fear. Johnson had inwardly settled his plans for the future: as soon as spring opened he would send a letter to Celeste Wilson, then he would make arrangements for the Professor's return to civilization. Until then the time was being well spent, for each day meant added harmony to systems that had been o'erwrought.

But one afternoon as the men were

digging at the mound a rifle shot was heard. Pete ran to bar the gate, and then came back. Half a mile away on the opposite side from the entrance to the pass were five horsemen. Again they fired a rifle in the air as a signal. Pete answered it with another. A man came forward carrying a white handkerchief on a stick.

"Is Professor Wilson here?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"Well, there are friends here who wish to see him. May they approach unarmed and speak with him from the bottom of this cliff?"

"In course," said Pete, patting the stock of his rifle.

The man went back and held a short conference with his fellows. One of the men was left with the horses, the other three with the man carrying the white handkerchief came forward. They had approached within two hundred feet.

Pete sat with rifle in hand. Johnson

and Wilson lay concealed, with guns in their grasp, a short distance away, ready for hostilities.

"That's the sheriff in front—the same feller that was here afore. The slouch behind is Joe Biffer, our lovin' friend, and the other is the ramrod at the Grand Central, and the other—dam if I know the other."

"I know him, the slim fellow with the new white hat is Charles Sarony," said Mr. Johnson.

VI.

THE Professor gulped and stared hard through the sage—sure enough it was young Sarony! The old man was drawing back the hammer of his gun to shoot, when Johnson wrenched the weapon out of his hands.

"That's right, Johnsing, no need of killin' any more hosses!"

"Who is the man behind?" asked Johnson.

"Don't know," answered Pete, "he looks decent, but you can't allus tell—he's in mighty bad comp'ny. Lay low and cover 'em close, Johnsing, while I give 'em the grand buzz."

It is not likely that these five men knew that a cocked Winchester covered them in a way so that in a fraction of a minute the bodies of every one could have been bored with cold lead, yet they

evidently had been cautioned by the sheriff to show no fight.

"Wall, gents, we're glad to see you. What can we do fer you to-day?"

"These gentlemen here wish to see Professor Wilson and that other man!"

"Oh, do they! wall, why didn't they come right up to the front door and not go gallyvantin' 'round about it!"

"We did start up the pass, but your whole blame canyon is full of wildcats!"

"Wall, they're all tied—but dam me if I don't let 'em loose, if you can't say quick what you want!"

"Don't raise a row Pete—just bring out your men so my friends here can talk to 'em."

"And that dirty cuss standin' next to you—what does he want?"

"You mean Kiuse Joe?"

"The same, pardner!"

"Oh, he just come along for company!"

"And the ramrod?"

The landlord here spoke up for himself:

"Pete, you know I'm a square man—I never went back on you yet—'swhelp me God, Pete, we're peac'ble. Waltz out your two men so these gents kin conwerse with 'em."

Pete dropped behind the cover of brush and the little pile of stones, and taking Johnson's rifle, ordered that worthy gentleman and the Professor to stand up and see what the visitors wanted.

"They can't hurt you, boys; if any of 'em winks crooked, I'll send the whole party to hell in a holy second."

Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson stood up. The men below stared at the hairy apparitions for a full minute. At last Mr. Sarony spoke up loud, clear and decisive.

"They have changed, but I can swear to them on a stack of bibles. It is old Chilo Wilson and Josh Johnson!"

At that instant the landlord took from an inside pocket a buckskin money bag and handed it to the sheriff. And then most strange and wonderful! Kiuse Joe

broke out into a long, prolonged guffaw of laughter. In this he was joined by the sheriff and the landlord. Then these three men at once started away without saying goodbye—all the time roaring and reeling with merriment—pounding each other on the back in wild and uproarious glee.

Our men on the hilltop could not understand it at all!

But the stranger and Mr. Sarony still remained.

"Gentlemen," spoke the stranger, "we have come a long distance for you—we want to take you safely home. I declare that no harm shall come to you."

Johnson looked perplexed. The Professor blanched.

Then Sarony spoke up, "We are Pinkerton detectives—we are from Boston"——

"Thar it goes again!" muttered Pete behind the sage.

"We are detectives from Boston and you've got to go"——

Sarony drew a pistol. But before he could level it Pete's Winchester spoke and the pistol was dashed full twenty feet away. The concussion, or fright, or both knocked that young man sprawling on his back; his sombrero rolled off after the pistol and was bored, as the wind caught it, by six shots from Rattlesnake Pete's rifle. He seemed to have a special malison toward the hat.

The remaining cartridges in the magazine were sent singing high in the air, and the empty rifle was then handed to the Professor. The old man sighted the weapon and snapped it repeatedly, viciously yet harmlessly, in the direction of the retreating "They."

Sarony had gotten to his feet and was running hard for cover. The stranger held both hands above his head and walked leisurely away. He picked up the punctured sombrero, but wisely did not touch the pistol.

The three laughing satyrs had moved further away when the shooting began,

and were now waiting a mile off to the north for their two disconsolate companions.

Rattlesnake Pete and Johnson watched the party closely. There was considerable gesticulating out there on the plain—evidently a hot argument was in progress.

Then the visitors mounted and rode away to the east. In an hour they had become mere specks on the horizon and were soon lost to view in the scrub of the foot-hills.

VII.

"GOD help us! they're comin' back!"

Only an hour had passed. Laughter now gave place to fear: so soon do bright things turn to confusion.

"I feel like a man who is wading in blood," said the Professor.

"So do I," answered Pete; "only we haint killed anything yet—'cept a horse. But now we are in fer it. They are working the wigwag!"

Neither Johnson nor Wilson knew the diabolical inference of the "wig-wag;" surely it was something worse than they had yet encountered—in malice farther reaching and in effect horrible—most horrible!

"The wig-wag—God help us!" repeated the scout as he looked long and anxiously with shaded eyes. Then he

sighted across his rifle, and Johnson, by lying flat and looking along the barrel could make out a flag on a long pole, several miles to the south-east.

"Oh, its the wig-wag, the wig-wag!" groaned the old man.

But the old man could not see the flag at all, and all Mr. Johnson could make out was that this flag dipped to right and left, bowed, waved and then stood still.

It was coming nearer and the man could be seen who carried it.

It was a red flag, and a mile behind was another.

"Red means anarchy," spoke the Professor. "They have hired the anarchists to come out against us."

"No, its telegraphin', that's all; it bobs and wags and shakes and flourishes and that's the way They talk!"

"It's cipher—Oh, why did we not bring the code! Can you make out what they say, Mr. Snake?"

"Of course, but you wouldn't understand it, Uncle, mostly lies nohow!"

The flag was approaching; stopping at times it bowed and waved and wagged and moved now right, then left and seemed answering another behind.

Then away off toward a gulch to the east, a little party of men were seen advancing; they stopped from time to time, like the flagmen. These men had a spy-glass mounted on a tripod.

"They are sizin' us up, but that's all right—let 'em peek, squint and stare, but when they gits in range we'll show 'em!"

The flag came up within a quarter of a mile and Pete sent a shot over that way—another and another. The flagman at length got it through his head that bullets were whistling dangerously near. He dropped his colors and ran.

Soon several soldiers on horseback appeared. The horseman conferred with the men on foot and then came forward on a walk waving a handkerchief tied on a stick.

"What did you shoot for," called the

sergeant who carried the handkerchief.

"Jest gittin' the range, pardner, that's all! Who is your friends that's waggin' and squintin'?"

"A surveying party—that's all. We are a detachment of the Seventy-sixth, guarding them!"

"What they surveyin' fer?"

"A railroad, of course. Now you must quit your shooting, you might hurt some one!"

"A railroad, did you say?"

"Yes."

The Professor was pallid; his breath came hot and short.

"Whose railroad?"

"How do I know—Jay Gould's I 'spose. It's none of my concern!"

"Is thar a man by name of Sar'ny in it, and 'nother called Sly?"

"Perhaps so—what's the odds!"

"And they are goin' to run a railroad right here?"

"I believe so. That's what the head surveyor says, at least."

"And hoot and toot and ring and blow off steam and raise hell night and day with coal smoke and headlights!"

"Perhaps, but just promise not to shoot any more and we will not disturb you!"

"In a minute we'll promise. You really said you was goin' to run a railroad past this knob!"

"Yes."

"Wall, you go back an' give Jagoold our compliments and tell him to go plum to hell, he can't run no railroad near us!"

"Can't, eh! Isn't this Government land?"

"No, not by a dam sight—I've lived here for forty years. It's mine and I'll have no blowin' off steam and tootin' round me. Climb now, my men are layin all round here in the rocks and brush holdin' Winchesters on you—when I say shoot they shoots!"

"How many are there of you?"

"One hundred and sixty-seven—not countin' bars and wildcats!"

One of the surveyors had come up, but seemingly did not think it wise to approach as close as the soldiers were.

"Who are they, Charley," called the sergeant to the surveyor.

"Those lunatics that the sheriff told us about this morning. They are a murderous lot and have a whole raft of bears and mountain lions that they have tamed!"

"How many men are there in the lunatic asylum?"

"A hundred they say."

"Well, they lie; still we might, I suppose, run the line back and then across to the river. But can't you dislodge them!"

Pete gave the answer with a volley fired over the heads of the soldiers. Then dropping on his knees he motioned for the Professor and Johnson to do the same. They took the cue and crawling rapidly in different directions, began to shoot—to crawl and shoot—and shoot and crawl, crack—crack—crack—bang—bang— the

whole top of the knob was smoking and agleam with the boom of war, of fire and pestilence and sudden death. Villainous saltpetre held mad sway.

"Don't shoot this way, Uncle, for heaven's sake, you've come within a foot of borin' my carcass."

"I cannot shoot anymore—the cartridges are gone!" said the old man.

"I'm glad; I feel as if I'd been wrasslin' in prayer," said Pete; "my knees are worn through."

Then they crawled to the edge of the cliff and watched the enemy, who had withdrawn nearly two miles, and were running the line off toward the river. The wig-wag crossed the stream, so did the stake-drivers and the man with the tripod.

At sun-down, the entire party, with the squad of soldiers in the rear, disappeared up a gulch, clear to the north-west, five miles away.

VIII.

IN the spring—various things happen of which poets sing.

The snow was melting from the mountains, leaving great grey wastes, interspersed with long white streaks where the valleys ran. The "Holy Cross," its arms miles in length, leaned at a restful angle near the summit of the distant mountain peak.

The break-up had turned the stream into a turbulent booming river, yellow as the Tiber. But it was only a few days before the current ran with a gentle gurgle; and the birds that had not been seen for months came back and chirped and sang and called and busied about as if there were important things that must be attended to.

On the south side of imbedded bowlders and rotting logs, where the sun's

rays fell warm and wooingly, flowers pushed their petals up and peeked out curiously. Instead of the complaining, snarling western wind, came gentle, lazy breezes, whispering softly with tidings from the southland.

But long before the melting snow had turned the tiny stream to a booming river; before the first daring robin redbreast had appeared; before a single "spring-beauty" had thought of peeping forth, Mr. Joshua Johnson had written a letter—a long letter, full forty pages, on birch bark cut to a delicate and æsthetic size. Then he wrote the letter all over again.

The contents of this letter we can only guess. But it must have been very important, for Pete had noticed that certain sheets had been copied and re-copied and revised and then torn up and thrown in the fire. More than this, the writer had sighed and muttered to himself, and once had wept hot tears that mottled the page.

The scout was in charge of these men, so he put mere idle curiosity behind and watched their actions out of sense of duty.

And then Mr. Johnson was so sly about this birch bark letter business that he attracted attention to himself in his desire to divert it—proving his humanity.

At last the missive was sewed up in buckskin and duly directed, all one dark night when Pete was asleep (with one eye open). The package was hidden beneath a pile of skins, and Johnson turned in only to doze, toss and moan. And all the while Rattlesnake Pete thought on the vanity of human ambitions; and the foibles, whims and idle notions that entangle the minds of men and grind their hearts in the crux of doubt and of the hopes that vade like the dew that bespangles the leaves at dawn. Only Pete did not put it quite that way.

In the morning when Johnson and the old man had gone out to look after the horses, Pete reached under that pile of

skins and brought out the big letter in its buckskin envelope. He read the inscription and then placed the letter back in its snug hiding place. It was his duty to look out for explosives and things contraband.

The letter was directed thus:

MISS CELESTE WILSON,
44 APPIAN WAY,
CAMBRIDGE,
MASS.

IX.

MR. Joshua Johnson announced his intention of going to the mining camp (which was also a post-office) and of going alone. Supplies were getting low—someone must go—he would make the trip.

Johnson's nut-brown, silky beard, his long hair, and deer skin dress were in keeping with his Samson-like build. He seemed like a viking bold who had drunk at the spring of perpetual youth.

His hard work with pick and shovel in the mounds had hardened his muscles, the sun and wind had bronzed his face, and the rough, wholesome out-door fare had added full forty pounds to his weight. Pete looked on him with keen paternal pride.

Johnson could now put ten shots from a Winchester into a smaller circle in less

time than even Pete himself. "I'll make a man of him yet," said Pete.

But this long, sighful, tearful, soulful letter to a woman! Rattlesnake Pete did not like it—it looked like that loony business coming back.

Yet the scout made no oral objection to Mr. Johnson's going to the post-office —he even drew him a map of the route on birch bark. And as Johnson rode away he lifted a feeble yell and fired his revolver into the air.

And the great awkward, graceful, hairy, handsome, uncouth youth went galloping gaily off across the plain, while the mate of his horse ran loose and followed loyally and lovingly close behind.

Then the breakfast things were put away and the old Professor and Pete went to the top of the hill to begin digging operations in the third mound. But the sun was warm and Pete had spring fever, or that tired feeling, or something, so he went and lay on his stomach and looked down at Antony and Cleopatra.

Before long the old gentleman joined him and they both lay there kicking their heels in the air, talking bear lore. Antony had shed his overcoat and Cleopatra had lost her beauty. Her dress now was a dull, rusty brown, sleazy and ragged.

"Beauty is only on the outside—it never lasts for long," said the pessimistic Pete.

The Professor made no objection. Then Pete continued—"Weemen are all alike—awful cute and cunning to-day, but homely and mean as hell to-morrer. Now look at Cleopatree thar. She was fat and round and smilin' last fall; see what a slouch she air now, and uglier than a tree full o' wildcats—shee'd chaw you in a holy second if she had the chance. Oh, you can't tell me—they're all alike!"

Whether this remark applied to bears or women or both was not explained. Pete was thinking of that letter buttoned close inside of Johnson's vest, where every heart throb of the young giant

pulsed gently against it. Johnson must have been ten miles away by this time, every moment widening the distance and sending him farther.

The old man went back and began carefully examining the earth that had been thrown out. Pete walked off down "home" to get his tobacco. Having secured his consolation he went back and sat on a bowlder that lay just at the top of the pass.

He seated himself and smoked. He was in a deep reverie and looking off toward the western hills—looking intently and seeing nothing—lost in a maze of thought.

He heard a woman's voice, high pitched, metallic. Such sounds had come to him several times of late—he shivered —were his senses proving false? It must be so—insanity. Again he heard that rasping voice, and still he stared out in front with glazed eyes.

Suddenly he felt something thrust him in the ribs. He jumped, turned, and there stood a woman: a white haired,

well dressed woman. Behind her was another woman: smaller, young and dazzlingly handsome, Pete thought.

He was now positive that reason had tottered. He tried to speak but only gibbered and squeaked. He pinched himself, started to rise but his legs played him as false as his head, and he only slid off from the bowlder in a lump.

"My dear man, I hope you are not ill!" said the old lady.

"No, no, I allus does this way," stammered Rattlesnake Pete, getting to his feet and feeling for his revolver.

Still, what was the use—it was too late to fight. An hour before they might have barricaded the pass and stood the enemy off at the point of loaded rifles. It was now too late—all was lost. The women were at the top of the citadel and in full possession.

"You see, gals, I wasn't jest exackly expectin' of you—you fired no signals, nor gave nary whoop, and when you jabbed me with that umbersoll, why you see"—

"But surely you will excuse us. I spoke three times but you were looking off so intently that you did not hear. Is Professor Wilson to home? I said is Professor Wilson to home?"

But the old Professor had seen the visitors and was now coming forward. The young woman ran to meet him and he folded her to his heart and sobbed aloud. The elder lady kissed him with a fierce prodding smack and embraced him vehemently.

"Wall folks, you must 'skuse me—I must look after them burros to wunst!"

The Professor called Pete back and introduced him to his wife and daughter.

The scout shook hands with each, with such friendly force and vigor that both women writhed in pain.

"Wall, how did you leave the folks, Celeste, and how did you get here!" asked the guide, now assuming a manner as extremely nimble as his actions were awkward a moment before.

Before the young woman could reply,

the scout's attention was directed to the old lady swinging a white petticoat, that she had someway mysteriously produced, above her head.

A mile away across the mesa were three horsemen. They evidently were watching for the signal, for they fired a revolver as answer and at once turned their horses to the east and rode away.

"They are the men we hired to bring us here from Dead Horse City. They would not come any nearer. One is the sheriff and the other two he hired. We paid them two hundred dollars. They were very polite and gentlemanly, and agreed to wait out there for us in case you had gone away."

"And—and wasn't you scairt comin' up the pass?"

"Why, yes, we were anxious of course, we feared we would not find you—find you well—and alive."

The young woman was looking anxiously around.

"But didn't you see nothin' that sent

streaks up yer backs, and made a creepy feelin' go crawlin' over you?"

"Why we saw the stuffed animals, of course. Papa always delighted in such work. How good that he could amuse himself with it here. But where is Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, Johnsing, he's flew the coop!"

The young woman turned pale and stretched her hands in half supplication.

"He's vamoosed--skipped--gone away to the postoffice?"

"Oh, thank you. Then he will return soon?"

"In three days. He's gone to send a letter to you"——

"To me?"

"Yes, I tole him he better wait, that you'd be here soon—we went after bars wunst and when we got home they was here. Gosh! I forgot all about them burros!"

And Pete started off on a run.

X.

IT took Pete quite a while to look after his live-stock. It was nearly dusk before he came shuffling up the canyon.

"And have you no stove—mercy me! How do you expect any one to cook?" asked Mrs. Wilson as Pete appeared.

"Don't expect no one to cook!"

"Gracious, here I've been hunting all over for dishes and eatables and Chilo is almost starved and I am faint for a cup of tea—and this is the way you look after my husband, is it, when he pays you a hundred dollars a month, as he has just told me! A hundred dollars a month and board, is that right Chilo? I thought so—goodness! In Cambridge I never paid more than three dollars a week for a girl, I said I never paid over three dollars a week, never!"

Celeste saw the need of shifting the topic of conversation.

"We are so glad you have come, Mister—Mister Peter. Mamma and I have never before camped out. Now we are just going to watch you get supper!"

"All right, gals, but you must help me when I shouts!"

"Oh, of course we'll help."

"Wall, we must start a rousin' fire first!"

So Miss Celeste helped Rattlesnake Pete bring the brush, or she thought she helped and Pete was sure she did; and as the fire began to crackle Pete's mood melted into good nature. Soon a good bed of coals was made and the tea kettle was singing, and beneath, on the coals, the venison sputtered in the skillet.

To Pete, the girl's manner was as subtle as the odor of wood violets, and her every act as graceful as those of a pewee at nesting time. What he thought of her mother I really do not know. He washed his hands at the spring and kneaded the

dough for biscuit on the big flat rock, and then baked the biscuit on a shovel. Miss Celeste brushed off the bread-board and spread a clean towel across it for a table cloth.

Mrs. Wilson explained that she always took her tea with plenty of milk and a little sugar, please, to which Pete replied, "And so does I—when I kin."

This made Celeste laugh and the old gentleman smile and Mrs. Wilson did not take it amiss. That worthy lady scrutinized the tin cups carefully and insisted on washing them herself before they were used. Then she poured the tea, and after drinking part of a cup explained that the faint feeling was entirely gone. Pete declared that it was the same with him, and Miss Celeste said she never felt better. The Professor's appetite was hardly as good as usual; the scout observed that he was rather thoughtful.

The two women insisted on "doing the dishes," and then a rousing fire was made and all sat looking into the cheerful blaze.

"Mr. Snake," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Mr. Snakesmith, you mean," answered Pete.

"Mr. Snakesmith, my husband tells me you were entrusted with all that money that Mr. Johnson and my dear husband took away!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Get it for me, I will take care of it now."

Pete looked at the Professor.

"I think—I think Celeste better take care of it," answered the old man after a pause.

"No, I will take care of it myself," said the old lady.

"It's all sewed up in a wolf skin and hid in the rocks—I'll show the gal where it is."

"And do you—do you think that Mr. Johnson will not be here before to-morrow night?" asked the young woman after a rather painful pause.

Pete removed his pipe, blew a cloud of smoke upward and replied:

"Mebbe not then—it's forty mile and mighty rough."

Then there was silence for a space.

"And where is he to-night?"

"Sleepin' out under the stars, rolled in a blanket, his saddle fer a piller!"

The pause was a little longer this time, and tinged with grey.

"Didn't you folks camp out comin' over?"

"No, the sheriff took us on a longer route than the direct one; so we stopped each of the five nights at the cabin of some miner's or cattleman's family. We came by the way of a place called—what was that funny name, mother—oh, yes, 'Tabor's Roost'!"

"Why, that's the postoffice whar Johnsing has went!"

"Then we passed him on the way?"

"Yes, not half a mile apart—you prob'ly took the reg'lar trail while he took the sheep path that runs up the gulch."

"What a queer coincidence," said the young woman with a sigh.

"And that letter for you—he might a' saved his money—a letter like that 'ud cost a heap fer stamps!"

The fire was burning low; the wind had risen to a dismal howl; the scream of a panther came echoing across the night.

Pete lighted a pine knot and drove its sharp point into the floor of the cave so that it stood upright. Its rays cast a glow into the cave adjoining; the laboratory was set apart for the use of the two women.

The scout gave them fully two-thirds of all the blankets and robes, and then Celeste Wilson and Mrs. Wilson crawled into this guest chamber, made by men, ages agone, and bade the world good night.

The old gentlemen sat by the fire, his back against the rock wall, sound asleep.

Pete filled his pipe afresh and smoked hard and furiously. After ten minutes he knocked the ashes out on his boot heel and went over and thrust his head into

the outer cave: "I say, Celesty, you ain't asleep—no, I thought not—who did you say them fellers was?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"Those fellers that guided you."

"You mean the two men the sheriff hired to accompany us here?"

"Yes."

"Why one was a Mr. Biffer—he was very kind—the other's name, really I have forgotten."

"And which way are they goin' back?"

"The same way we came, I think!"

"That's all, thankee, 'night."

Pete barred the gate; laid the old man down and covered him with a bear skin; then rolling himself in a blanket, with a rifle in reach, went to sleep.

The next morning the women were up betimes. They helped get breakfast, and the young woman showed a genuine delight in camp life. Mrs. Wilson said she might stand it a week, but could not, and moreover would not, endure it longer. She had come for her husband—he was

now well and strong—and they would all start back as soon as things could be packed up.

Rattlesnake Pete looked at the old gentleman enquiringly.

"Yes," said the Professor, "we will start back as soon as we can get the specimens packed up."

"Wall, you'll have to make pack-horses of every animile we got—and all hands walk."

"Very well, we will walk, but we will go—I said we will go," remarked Mrs. Wilson.

The old man seemed to be slipping back into despondency.

"You know the College wants you back, papa," said Celeste. "Professor Agassiz came to see us only a week before we left. Some one has endowed the Chair of Biology and no one can give the lectures so well as you."

"Yes, yes, no one can do it so well as I," repeated the old man.

And then the young woman sat beside

him, and held his hand and told him about how she had completed the book on Bacteria, with the help of his notes, and of how it was a great success.

"What book was it daughter dear?" plaintively said the old man.

Her answer was only two big tears that chased each other down her face.

Pete looked the other way and made pretense of whistling.

"He may be here to-night, Mr. Smith, don't you think so?" asked the young woman after some moments.

"Who you mean—Johnsing?"

"Yes, Mr. Johnson."

"Yes, he might be here to-night; we'll sit up fer him anyway and keep the supper hot!"

"That's so, we will," said the girl smilingly. "How surprised he will be!"

That night they kept the fire going and burned a beacon light out on the plain opposite the canyon, but Johnson did not come. They burned the beacon light again the next night.

The Legacy.

Three days—four—five—six—a week had come and gone since Johnson galloped gaily away.

No tidings had come and the horse and rider had not returned.

BOOK V.

I.

ON the tenth day after Joshua Johnson left the Last Stand, he was safely lodged in the Essex County jail at Boston. The five hundred dollars offered by the Alumni Association for his capture had been promptly paid. Then the same men who made the offer of reward for this man's body, dead or alive, cheerfully signed his bail bond.

The alacrity of this paradoxical procedure somehow reminds one of the Chicago couple who were granted a decree of divorce one forenoon. In the afternoon of the same day they presented themselves at court and were married by the judge who divorced them—all with hearty congratulations, and due kissing of the bride by the witnesses, followed by a nice little supper at the Grand Pacific: which consistently paradoxical with the

incident, was not very grand and never pacific.

Johnson was released at five o'clock in the afternoon, and was immediately taken in charge by full fifty Harvard students. They forbade his interviewing a barber and refused to give him a change of clothing.

Nominally he had liberty, but surely it was far from freedom. He was permitted to write a note to a certain Miss Celeste Wilson, who resided at 44 Appian Way, Cambridge. This note explained to this young woman that since writing her a long letter a few days before, Mr. Johnson had unexpectedly thought best to start for the East, and he would do himself the honor of calling on her at nine o'clock the following morning.

This note was given to a sleek sophomore standing by, who promised to deliver it to the young lady in person without delay.

A dozen or more carriages were called and a drive taken to Cambridge, where

the glad news was given to every one, that Professor Wilson was well and hearty, and would soon return.

There are nearly three hundred instructors at Harvard, and if students are not in a certain teacher's classes they are not likely to know the man. Besides this, a large contingent of students come and go each year; but from the yells and cheers and shouts, one might have supposed that the return of Professor Wilson meant personal joy to all, salvation to the University and long life to Cambridge town.

Johnson in full suit of buckskin, with a wolfskin cap, with its dangling tail, was paraded through Harvard Square and college yard amid wild hurrahs and wild enthusiasm. In front of old Hollis a temporary platform was erected where short speeches were made. At the mention of Professor Wilson's name "Orange John" broke in with a falsetto cheer that was taken up by the crowd in a way that made further speaking impossible.

The line of march was then continued out Harvard Street, back over the "Longfellow Bridge," through Boston Common to the Parker House, where the best suite of rooms was placed at Johnson's disposal. As a student, Johnson had been practically unknown, but now his popularity was greater than that enjoyed by President Eliot himself.

A barber was in waiting who gave the prisoner a clean shave and cut his hair. He was then given a bath, a set of silken underwear was provided and a full-dress suit was produced. All this, with a white tie and patent leather shoes, worked a miracle in the young man's appearance. He was taller by a head than any of his captors, ruddier, handsomer, manlier.

He was led into the grand banquet hall where one hundred Harvard men seated at the festive board were awaiting his advent. And so they feasted.

When the eatables were removed, and smokables and drinkables were brought in, the toast-master arose and introduced

the honored guest of the evening: Mr. Joshua Johnson.

The present writer was one of the guests who sat at meat on that memorable night and well remembers the becoming embarrassment of the manly youth as he arose to speak. After these ten years have passed, memory cannot attempt a verbatim report, but it was about as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of Harvard University:

"You doubtless expect me to speak to you of where I have been since I last saw you, and you also expect me to give you tidings in detail of our beloved teacher, Professor Chilo Wilson. [cheers, with cries of 'Wilson's the boy'—'what's the matter with Chilo,' etc.] There are some aspects of this case that are very painful and I trust you will pardon me if I pass over them entirely and dwell only on what is pleasant and hopeful. ['Hear! hear!'] First of all let me say that Professor Wilson is well. I left him in

Southern Colorado ten days ago this morning. I mounted my horse and rode away across the plain, and looking back after I had ridden half a mile, I saw his white hair streaming in the pleasant breeze and his hat waved aloft as a blessing. I then rode onward toward my destination.

"That night when sun-down came I had ridden forty miles. I reached a small town or camp called Tabor's Roost. I slept at a boarding house which is kept for the accommodation of the miners.

"In the morning, before breakfast, I started out for the post-office, as I had important communications to send away. I entered the store where the post-office is kept. I stamped my letters—I gave them to the postmaster and then I walked out of the building. As I stepped onto the sidewalk I was confronted by three men with pistols. There was no chance to fight, they threatened to shoot if I moved, so I did not move. They took away my arms and money, and hand-

cuffed me, as you see from these marks on my wrists [cries—oh, oh, oh]. To prevent a rescue by the people of the camp, these men explained that I was a horse-thief, which in that country is the most serious charge that can be brought against a man. They put me on a horse, which was led by another man on horseback. In two days we reached a place called Dead Horse City. One of the men who captured me was the sheriff, the others I do not know.

The sheriff knew that you had kindly offered a reward of five hundred dollars for my capture [laughter] and he asked if I would be willing to come on to Massachusetts without a requisition. I had concluded that I would like to come anyway; besides that, Dead Horse City is not a pleasant place to remain in, [laughter] so the sheriff and I started, handcuffed together. We arrived here in good condition.

"You have paid the sheriff the five hundred dollars reward as you had agreed

and here I am! [Loud and prolonged applause.]

"I have several small affairs to attend to, but expect to start back for Colorado to-morrow night. I will go direct to where Professor Wilson is, and as soon as we can do so consistently, we will pack up our effects and return to Fair Harvard [applause]. With Professor Wilson, there is now one of the bravest men I ever knew. He is illiterate and sometimes profane, but he has stood by us manfully; his name is Peter Smith, but he is called Rattlesnake Pete. We also have two live bears which we have named Antony and Cleopatra, that we hope to bring back.

"Then we have several fine mounted specimens of wild animals, a large collection of geological specimens and much valuable specific memoranda.

"But best of all, we have a most interesting assortment of prehistoric relics taken from Indian mounds that we have explored. The excavations we have begun

are not yet complete and I feel that we should continue them further while we are on the ground; this is also Professor Wilson's wish. It is therefore likely that we cannot return to Cambridge short of three months, when all of the tangible results of our exploration will be presented to the Peabody Museum.

"Professor Wilson did not send his affectionate greetings to you when I came away, but I am sure he would have done so if he had known that I was so soon to see you. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention."

At the conclusion of his speech there was a wild burst of applause which was kept up for several minutes. Professor Wilson's health was then proposed and Assistant Professor Barrett Wendell responded. Then Rattlesnake Pete's health was drunk. Next came Harvard College, the girls, the President of the United States and at last deep libations were poured out to Antony and Cleopatra.

It was a great night, and an event

which does not need these lines to be recalled by those who were present.

As the party broke up at two o'clock in the morning, Johnson beckoned to the sophomore to whom he had entrusted the message to Miss Wilson: "Did you deliver that letter?" asked Johnson.

"What letter?" hiccoughed the youth —"oh, yes, I remember—she wasn't home—I gave it to a woman next door—she said she'd give it to her when she came back—I say, Johnson, haven't we had a devil of a time?"

II.

THE next morning at five minutes of nine o'clock, Mr. Johnson, clad in a ready made suit of modest navy blue, turned up Appian Way.

His heart beat fast as he approached the well-known gate. Would she be waiting for him—watching at the window—and come running down the walk to meet him? Of course she would. Not on his own account, perhaps, but because he brought tidings of her father. She must have a heart of stone and be unworthy of the name of woman if she allowed him to even ring the bell!

But stay—the neighbors—this was such an important momentous meeting—of course she would restrain herself and wait until they were alone. When the heart is full to bursting it is as calm as when dull indifference rules.

He rang the bell a second time and adjusted his necktie carefully.

"The folks are not at home; leave your message next door, sir," called the postman as he passed.

He was a jolly good natured postman, the pet of all the women on the street.

"I'm sorry, but perhaps it will come this afternoon." He laughed and shook his head at a woman who was sweeping the sidewalk across the street.

Johnson came down the walk. The house next to No. 44 was built directly on the street. The jolly man in grey stopped and tapped at the window. The sash was thrust up—"Oho, oho, oho! and here's a letter for you—but wait, I almost forgot, a valentine for Miss Wilson in my bag. Now isn't it queer! all sewed up in chamois; many a letter I've carried but none like that, and fifty-two cents in stamps on it—one cent for every week in the blessed year. What a pile of mail you'll have for 'em when they get back!"

"I say, one moment, Madame, has Miss Celeste—that is—the Wilson family gone away?" asked Johnson.

"Yes, of course, you know the old gentleman was abducted six months ago. They think they have found him—clear away in the Rocky Mountains—Miss Celeste and Mrs. Wilson went to bring him back—left three weeks ago. We're expecting them every day now. Nothing particular, I hope?"

"And the place?"

"Oh, where they have gone, 'Old Horse City,' I think!"

"It was not Dead Horse?"

"Yes, come to think of it, yes, Wild Horse City. But that is not the place where they have gone—that's only the end of the railroad. They have to go nearly a hundred miles then on horseback. You might leave your message with me, I'll give it to Mrs. Wilson when she comes."

"Have you heard from them since they started?"

"No, not a word!"

The man did not wait longer. He thanked the woman nervously and hurried away.

Then this woman came out with a package all tied up in buckskin, with fifty-two cents in cancelled stamps on it, and she showed the package to the woman who was sweeping off the steps across the way. And these two women talked about the package and the big handsome young man who acted so kind of frustrated, and about the Wilsons who had had so much trouble; and about the weather and things.

III.

"WE have been here for two weeks," protested Mrs. Wilson, "two weeks and it is no place for my husband—he is growing worse every day"——

The two women and Pete were standing on the hill-top looking anxiously off to the east.

"I can't argufy with you Missus, you are too many for me, but we'll stay till Celeste says scoot."

"Yes, you wish to put the blame on my daughter, that's just like a man, I said that's just like a man."

"But, Mamma, I am willing to rely on Mr. Smith in this case. He knows all about the country and its dangers. He thinks that if we go home now, Mr. Johnson may come back here and find us gone!"

"Well, what of it, wasn't he gone when we got here? He will never come back here—he has just simply ran away—deserted, just as he ran away before. How much money did he take Mr. Smith—I said how much money did he take?"

"No difference how much money he took—he didn't light out. He haint that kind. He's kicked the bucket more likely."

Pete sat down on a stone and was filling his pipe.

"He's done what?"

"Passed in his checks!"

"Dead, you mean?"

"I'd liefer say he was dead than skipped. A grizzly may have grabbed him, a prowlin' band of Injuns may have laid for him, but the truth is, you'll find, he was held up and run off by them fellers that brought you here!"

"And why should they trouble him?"

"Wall, sev'ral reasons. They might grab us if we'd go back by Dead Horse; they tried to lift us out of here hard 'nuff.

Johnsing knows we're here. If he's alive, he'll git loose, and if he gits loose he'll pike fer here, so here we'll stay fer jest a month and then we goes—if the gal says so ! "

Several just such arguments as this had taken place before and they always wound up by the scout's refusal to budge. Celeste shifted the responsibility on to Pete, and Pete passed it back. For these two, so totally unlike, had come to a mutual understanding on one point at least, that is, that they would wait for Johnson so long as there was a possibility of his returning.

The scout had digged in the mounds and sought to renew interest in the scent of rich finds. But the old man had lost all animation ; and as the Professor's interest flagged, Pete's arose. He worked with pick and shovel as never before. Celeste assisted, carefully raking the fresh earth for relies. Besides, they hunted geological specimens, and made collections of butterflies, working with earnest zeal.

Three weeks had passed, grim, dragging weeks of pain. All four had been working at the mounds. The old man had gone down the canyon, closely shadowed by Mrs. Wilson, who followed him everywhere to see "that he did not hurt himself."

"Mr. Smith!"

"Yes, Celesty?"

"We are making believe!"

"Of course we air."

"If we should strike solid gold here it would make no difference to us!"

"Not a dam bit—our hearts is bustin'."

"You are right, Mr. Smith. Now tomorrow you must ride to the mining camp and see if you can get tidings of Mr. Johnson."

"And leave you folks alone?"

"Yes."

"There may be Injuns 'round."

"Well, put us all in the cave and wall it up with big stones as you did once with father—the cave would probably escape detection, you said?"

"Prob'ly, and you could shoot if it comes to worst?"

"I think so—but go—go to-morrow!"

"I can ride it in a day with the Pinto. It will kill him, but I'll do it!"

At day-light the next morning Pete shook hands laughingly with his three charges; the laugh was hardly a success. They crawled into the cave. He walled them up with great bowlders and pieces of ledge, piling rock on rock. Then he barred the gate, scaled the wall, and coatless, wearing only shirt, trousers and moccasins, with a handkerchief around his head, and a derringer in his pocket, he rode away. Instead of the heavy saddle he used only a light blanket. He sent his horse off on a slow trot. After two miles this was exchanged for a lope, which meant eight miles an hour. But part of the road was very rocky and this had to be walked to lessen the risk of pitching headlong down the ravine that lay yawning, hungry and threatening below the pass.

In the cave it was pitch dark.

"We will pretend it's night and all go to sleep," said Celeste.

But sleep was vain. Then they sat holding hands, and the young woman told stories and talked of their plans and what they would do when they got home. But the old man only spoke in monosyllables. By striking matches they could see the time by a watch, but Pete had advised them to be sparing of matches, as their burning contaminated the air.

They ate dinner, or tried to, there in the inky blackness.

The air was growing dense, so they took turns in lying close up to a tiny crevice where a little fresh air came in between the stones.

The dragging hours wore slowly past. Celeste struck a match. It marked five o'clock by the watch. Mrs. Wilson was crying.

"Oh, to think of it! I, a college professor's wife, locked up in a hole, I said locked up in a hole!"

The daughter tried to comfort her.

"We are smothering! oh, oh, oh, and if we don't smother we shall starve, or worse—the Indians will kill us—I heard them shoot!"

Then the old man began to moan, and there in that dolorous blackness the brave young woman sought to soothe her father and mother. She was as tender and true as Douglas and as brave as Deborah.

"Never mind, Mr. Smith will be back soon."

"There, did I not tell you, they are shooting!"

This time there was no mistake—Celeste too heard the dull echoing boom, or else her senses had played her false!

Then there was shouting and answering, echoing yells.

Another match was struck—it was only ten minutes past five, and at the very least, it would be four hours before the guide could come.

Another shot was fired, this time near the cave.

Celeste felt in the dark for the rifle and tried to remember the instructions that Pete had so minutely given her about how to shoot.

The tramp of feet was heard, the neigh of a horse, a rolling and tumbling of stones.

The Indians had discovered the freshly covered cave and were clearing away the debris. Mrs. Wilson held her breath, and then gave a wild, ringing, frantic scream. In that scream the last flickering spark of hope was quenched.

"Don't be afraid—I am no enemy," came a voice from the outside.

"It is Mr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson!" spoke Celeste.

A flat ledge of rock was pulled aside and a flood of light and air rushed in on the prisoners. Through the aperture Celeste Wilson thrust out her hand in greeting to the man whom she saw. He took the dainty fingers in his own firm grasp and kissed them reverently.

One more strong push, a pull, and the

entrance was cleared. In an instant Celeste was outside and was held close to the throbbing heart of the big manly youth. At least, I think this is what occurred, although I was not there.

Mrs. Wilson had fainted. Johnson crawled into the cave to lift her out.

Back in a corner crouched the old man. Both hands were moving rapidly: his cheeks were puffed out with the exertion: ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, ding dong, ding dong—who'o'o'o'o——

IV.

THAT night a beacon light was burned out on the mesa. Rattlesnake Pete saw it ten miles away. He eased the Pinto down from a lope to a fox trot. In two hours he fired his derringer as a signal of his approach.

He leaped from the horse and as he slipped the bridle he remarked: "Wall, Johnsing, I hope you mailed yer letter!"

V.

JOHNSON'S return meant sunrise and a clear sky after a night of terror.

It was a jolly breakfast party that gathered around the big flat rock the next morning.

"I'd got about to the end of my lariat!" confessed Pete.

Even the old Professor brightened up a bit and half smiled as he listened to Johnson's account of the reception and banquet.

"Did that Wendell make a speech, I said did that Barrett Wendell make a speech?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes."

"I'm surprised—he could hardly struggle through a lecture, sitting at a table, reading it."

"But he spoke well, and so did Agassiz and Copeland and James. The chair of

Biology has been endowed ; Professor Wilson is to have his old place and be Professor Emeritus and I'm to be Assistant."

"Whar do I come in?" growled Pete.

"No one thinks of you and me," answered Celeste with a smile, "pass the biscuit!"

"We'll start a deestrick school of our own."

"And if you do, I'll resign my post and enter as a student," said Johnson.

Then the conversation took a more serious turn, and Mr. Johnson explained that the Curator and Trustees of the Peabody Museum were very anxious to secure as varied an assortment of the ancient pottery as possible ; and to this end it was very necessary that the mounds should all be thoroughly explored.

"And how long will it take?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Well a month, anyway."

"Then you will do your exploring alone. My daughter, my husband and myself leave this place to-morrow!"

Johnson cast a despairing look at Celeste, and the young woman started to speak—her words were drowned by a loud—" whoooo, whoooo, ding, dong, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka."

The poor old man kept up the nerve-wracking commotion for fully ten minutes and then stopped from sheer exhaustion.

" Here, I'll walk him around up on the hill—he needs fresh air ! "

Mrs. Wilson took hold of one arm and assisted her husband to stand up. He was trembling and deathly pale. But he made no resistance and the man and wife moved off slowly toward the hilltop.

Pete was going to follow, but Johnson beckoned him back.

" What shall we do? " asked Johnson of Celeste.

Both Pete and Johnson stood awaiting the young woman's reply—it was for her to decide.

" We had better go to-morrow. You can take us to a place of safety, and then you and Mr. Smith can come back and

continue the explorations of the mounds."

The hearts of these three were heavy. They walked silently up the canyon. Suddenly there came a wild, piercing scream—the frantic, frenzied, agonizing scream of a woman. At a bound Johnson had left his two companions behind. He reached the hill-top.

Off to the left he saw the two bears rolling and tumbling over each other in rollicking fun. About two hundred feet away was Mrs. Wilson, still screaming and walking backward, shaking her apron with both hands as if to shoo the bears away.

Between the woman and the bears stood the old Professor, first looking toward the frolicking animals, then at his wife. He stood irresolute as if questioning which way to go.

Suddenly he cried: "Hold, Maria, I will not let them hurt you! hold, I say! you are backing toward the cliff!"

His voice was loud and clear and in it was the ring of sanity. Johnson was

running toward the woman. Before he could reach her the old man had rushed forward and seized her by the shoulders. They were on the very brink of the precipice. The woman threw her arms around the old man's neck and drew him toward her, as if to get him away from the danger that she saw threatening him.

They poised a second—tottered—and Johnson, a single instant too late, stopped and covered his face with his hands!

Pete and Miss Wilson had reached the top of the pass, and the scout's quick eye saw the bears.

He pulled the woman back down the canyon and leaving her ran to the cave for his rifle. A moment after two quick shots rang out and Antony and Cleopatra were writhing in their death throes.

"I don't see the old folks!" said Pete, turning slowly around, shading his eyes and looking in every direction.

Johnson pointed to the precipice. He put his arm around the young woman and tenderly led her away.

The Legacy.

The morning sun was shining bright and resplendent: his rays reflecting white gleams of almost blinding light from the sheen and shimmer of miles on miles of white alkali dust and glistening mica. The snow-capped peaks of the distant mountains lifted themselves against the blue of the cloudless sky. The Holy Cross stood out like a gigantic etching; not a breath of breeze was to be felt. The great silence was supreme. No stir of life was seen, save a buzzard that came circling out of the azure nothingness of the south—balancing on outstretched pinions—nearer, nearer.

VI.

THAT afternoon two deep graves were dug side by side on the top of the Last Stand.

The two men gently and tenderly carried the bodies of Professor Wilson and his wife from the place where they had fallen to the hill-top. Death had been instantaneous. Evidently they had seized each other in close embrace as they toppled over the brink, and had struck head downwards on the rocks, seventy feet below. So soon does rest and the great silence follow life.

At sun-down, the two bodies, wrapped in blankets, were lowered into one grave.

In the other grave were placed the bodies of the two bears.

The earth was shoveled in, and above these two graves was piled a pyramid of stones.

Night was settling down; the vermeil glow of sunset had faded out of the western sky. To the east could be seen the rim of the rising moon.

Slowly, sorrowfully, side by side, the young man and the young woman started down the pass. Behind, perhaps ten feet, came Rattlesnake Pete.

"Jine han's!" called Pete in a voice of command.

Mechanically the woman's hand went blindly feeling out in the dark. Johnson's grasp stole firmly but gently over it.

Again the scout spoke: "Joshua Johnsing, do you now solemnly promise to take this woman for your true and lawful wife?"

Johnson glanced toward the woman's face. It was too dark to see her features, but he felt the answer in the mild pressure of her hand.

"I do," answered Johnson.

"And you, Celesty Wilson, do you promise now to take this man as your lawful husbun'?"

"I do!" came the low but sure reply.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife—and may God have mercy on your souls! I'm a Justice of the Peace; I am, that's what I am, and my commission doesn't 'spire until noon on the twentieth day of next October. Gee, I forgot to look after them burros!"

Pete dashed past the bride and groom and left them alone together, there in the shadows of the dreamful night.

VII.

IT was rather undignified, to be sure—all three down on hands and knees, crawling through a tunnel that led into the bear caves!

Pete was first, behind him crawled Mr. Johnson and then came Mr. Johnson's charming and trustful little wife.

"What in tarnashun!" exclaimed Pete.

The procession suddenly stopped.

"What is it, Joshua?" asked the lady with a little feminine tremulo.

"I don't know, my dear; Pete has found something?"

"Is it alive?"

"Yes, didn't you hear it squeal?"

"Oh my, let us go back!"

"Not yet, it will have to eat me first!"

"Yes, but I don't want you to be eaten up; let us go back."

"Wall, I'll be jumped up, rolled over and tossed in a blanket! Come quick, both on you—light a match, Johnsing!"

Mr. Johnson proceeded to light a match.

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Johnson, as she emerged into the cave and gazed by the flickering light at a little black heap in the corner.

"Ladies' muffs!" answered Pete. And surely they did look like muffs; six of them—-squealing, nosing, hungry—-six bear cubs!

"Well, well, it is a great start. If the caves keep on in this way it will be a rich find," said Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson had been duly installed secretary, with orders to make an exact list of all specimens or relics that were found in the caves.

Her first entry read as follows: One half dozen baby bears.

"Milk is what the beggars want," said Pete, "but be'ans as we haven't got no cow, we'll give 'em soup."

Fresh antelope meat was plentiful, and the cubs soon took their consomme like kittens lapping milk from a saucer. After three days the fact of their orphanage never seemed to occur to them.

The caves contained rich spoils in way of pottery, beads and implements. But the relics of a lost people were all deeply imbedded in a cumulose of dust and dirt. In fact several of the caves were so full of this debris that the entrance from the ledge was completely blocked. All of the refuse had to be removed, and tons of it was carried up to the top for careful examination.

Pete made several journeys to the mining camp after supplies. On his first trip, after that quick ride, he carried a letter directed to President Eliot from Mr. Johnson, informing that gentleman of the death of Professor and Mrs. Wilson. A letter was also sent to the Curator of the Museum asking his advice as to transporting the Indian skeletons that had been found.

On the guide's second trip to Tabor's Roost he found at the post office various communications from the college dignitaries. Included in these was a set of resolutions passed at a meeting of the Faculty, deploring the death of Professor Wilson and expressing high praise for his services is behalf of the University and in the interests of science.

There was also a commission as Assistant Professor of Biology made out in the name of Joshua Johnson. With this was a letter from the Bursar to the effect that "the salary of the Assistant Professor of Biology stands to the credit of Professor Joshua Johnson for the six months past, and may be drawn at any time."

A foot note made the matter plain—the Faculty had assumed that Professor Johnson's time for the past six months had been used for the benefit of Harvard University. Then there came a long and badly written letter from the Curator of the Museum. Curators are atrocious penmen.

The present writer has this letter now before him, but it contains such a very large number of big words that nobody exactly understands, that it would be tiresome to give it complete. Suffice it to say that the good people of the Museum were very thankful for the new acquisition that they were soon to get. And is not gratitude a lively sense of pleasure on account of favors about to be received? The Curator gave a list of certain scientific connecting links that he was very anxious Professor Johnson should secure. Some of these links have since been found, and others have not and never will.

"You had better make your exploration complete while you are on the ground," wrote the Curator; "I have had a placet passed by the trustees that you are to draw your regular salary, even if you remain away a year."

"We will stay a month anyway," interjected Mrs. Johnson as she read the letter aloud to her husband.

"Yes, my dear, I am sure it will take at least a month to clear the caves."

And it did take a month; it also took two—three; and after four months had passed the work was not yet complete. Additional orders and requests came from both the Peabody and the Agassiz Museums.

"I think, Joshua, that we had better follow the suggestion of the Curator and stay a year," said Mrs. Johnson to her husband as they sat around the camp fire one night.

"I was just going to say the same thing," replied that worthy gentleman.

And so they remained—all the time hard at work; varying the routine of duty by making little journeys to various points of interest within easy reach, up and down the valley, and into the heart of the mountains.

Even in the winter the days passed pleasantly and profitably. Pete trapped a good many wild animals—foxes, minks, and even a panther was brought in.

Mrs. Johnson proved a very diligent secretary and her record of the work at the mounds and caves can now be seen in the archives of the Peabody Museum. Much of the pottery was broken, and the lady's genius in restoring was a constant surprise to the two men.

The great grey wastes were again to be seen on the mountain sides; the little stream was again a booming river; spring breezes and spring flowers and mating birds were all coming joyfully back.

"I b'lieve, t'Lord they are the same birds that came here last spring," said Pete.

"I believe they are," said Professor Johnson.

The railroad had now shoved along its rails to a point only ten miles away, and the smoke of the engines could be plainly seen.

It took a good many trips back and forth to get all of the specimens and luggage to the railroad.

And then it took a whole car to hold

the "plunder," as Pete was pleased to call the accumulations that had been gathered in the interests of science.

In the manifest were two mounted grizzly bears, several antelope, a mountain lion, three panthers, besides many "insecks," which term included foxes, minks, prairie dogs, rabbits and various birds. In way of live-stock there were six live bears, all of a size, muzzled, and in cages made of cottonwood poles; two burros and a Pinto stallion—all these were billed through to Cambridge.

A young man was found who was formerly from the East, and was now very anxious to get back. He was recommended as trustworthy, so was allowed to ride in the freight car in charge of the stock, with a fervent prayer that the bears would not get loose.

A last tearful farewell was taken of the Last Stand, and the little party rode away in a spring wagon that had come to take them to the railroad station.

Professor Johnson, his wife and Mr.

Peter Smith were ticketed through, first-class, to Boston, which is in the State of Massachusetts.

"A sleepin' kyar, is it?" said Pete, "wall, it's a blame queer coop, but I ain't goin' to desert you now—I said I'd stick by you, Johnsing, and I will."

VIII.

IF you journey through Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska on a passenger train, wearing chaparejos, a flannel shirt and a big white sombrero, you will not attract any special attention. If you carry a baby, you will: at least you would have, a few years ago.

The baby that Rattlesnake Pete carried was only a little bit of a baby, but it drew much attention to itself, quite out of all proportion to its size. And yet a good old lady on the train protested that it was a big baby, seein' as how it was only just two months old.

"That's all it air, Missus, 'swelp me—I wouldn't deceive you—why should I?" protested Pete.

"Let me hold it for you!"

"Wall, I guess not, this kind wants good keer, the best babbies are skeerce—

I'm lookin' after this kid myself!"

"What's the baby's name," asked the conductor, shaking his punch before the little round face—"tootsy, wootsy, smilee, smilee, catchee, catchee, catchee—what's the baby's name?"

"It's name air Pete—after me. Little Pete we calls him for short—ain't he a rouser? Them's his father and mother—third seat from the back. Never mind, Johnsing, we're all right! See 'um smile, will you?"

Rattlesnake Pete was so vain of his new charge that he would scarcely give it up to the proud and smiling little mother, when the baby was hungry.

Fully fifty times the scout had suddenly broken out with the exclamation: "'Swelp me t'Lord—we found a heap o' curious things around the Last Stand, but nothin' that can be spoke in the same breath with Little Pete."

When eastern Nebraska was reached the baby did not attract so much attention from the passengers; and going

through Iowa it was accepted quite as a matter of course.

After crossing the Mississippi river it would have been lost to the public were it not for a fussy Englishman with mutton chop whiskers and a red face, who grew fidgety when Little Pete cried, and once blurted out "confound that baby." Accidentally the bloomin' Britisher said it just as the train stopped, so the remark was overheard by Pete the Elder. Pete the Elder stepped over to where the man sat and remarked:

"Pardner, if you don't like the music what the kid makes, 'spose you climb; 'er I may have to give you the grand bounce. You can't raise hell here—if you're goin' to ride with us you must be peac'ble—see?"

The man blustered, and then made a hasty exit for the front car, where he excitedly informed the conductor that train robbers had possession of the rear coach.

As Chicago was approached Rattlesnake Pete lost his neutral tint and

people began to stare at the band of rustling rattlesnake tails that was around his hat. After Chicago was passed, when he walked through the car, all eyes feasted on his chaparejos. When the train stopped, if he stepped out on to the platform, small boys surrounded him, and his peculiar garb caused quakes of fear, wondering awe, or quiet smiles.

Professor Johnson had telegraphed ahead the hour he would arrive in Boston, and various good friends and true, were at the station to meet the travellers.

Several women, who had been intimate friends of Mrs. Johnson's (*nee* Wilson), were on hand and were having a nice little feminine squabble as to who should take the baby first.

"Gracious, goodness! what an awful man," said a sweet thing in dimity.

Rattlesnake Pete settled the dispute by walking off with the infant himself. The ladies followed him at a safe distance down the long platform.

"Mercy me! Is he a cannibal? I'd

never trust *my* baby with a man like that!"

"But you have no baby," came the retort courteous. Carriages were taken direct to the comfortable little house in Appian Way.

The next day Professor Johnson gave his first lecture in Massachusetts Hall on "Recent discoveries in Archæology." The room was packed, and at the second lecture the crowd was so dense that the rest of the lectures in the course were given at Sander's Theatre.

Meanwhile Pete was busy transferring the specimens to Peabody Museum. He occasionally took a ride on the piebald pinto, and in the meantime was making fast friends with "the boys." The intention was to secure him for a mascot, and all the time Orange John pulled at his "County Galways" and sneered in jealous rage.

But peace was made when Rattlesnake Pete presented John with one of the burros; and as all Harvard men know, that

burro is to this day doing loyal duty by drawing a light wagon with a white top, on the side of which there is a crimson H. Long may the burro bray!

Every afternoon Pete pushed a perambulator over through College Yard and out North Avenue, past the Soldiers' monument. He made good friends with several white-capped nurse girls; but he would swear with many quite unnecessary oaths that Little Pete was a smarter child than any of the competitors—the finest kid that ever woke the echoes with a yowl!

But trouble was in store for Rattlesnake Pete, as it is for all of us. It began when he shot an insulator from a telegraph pole, just for fun. Professor Johnson paid the five dollars fine and duly cautioned the offender. But the next day when the scout rode the Pinto stallion into Divinity Hall during a lecture, just because the boys dared him to do it, the matter was reported to the Dean, and the Dean sent a long communication

to Professor Johnson, chiding him for importing such "a specimen." The Dean even hinted that "this man called Snake" would be all right if pickled in the museum, but at large he was a menace to the well being of the school. There was no vacancy for mascots just then.

Perhaps the real fact was that the Dean, like Orange John, was jealous of the attention that the Rattlesnake was receiving from the students. But the decisive difficulty came when Pete went over to Boston one day.

"I was on George Wash'ton street," he explained to Professor and Mrs. Johnson, "an' there was the biggest stampede of folks you ever seed—they was rushin' an' pushin' an' crowdin'—all of 'em ram, jam, dam, slam, stark, starin' crazy—goin' every way. Some pikin' cross the street, and some back and down and over an' cross! I saw a big feller in brass buttons, like a color sargeant, tryin' to keep 'em from killin' 'emselves as they rushed over. I got over to him, and says I, 'Here

pard, give me your stick and I'll help you head the steers off.'

"He up and looked at me and gived me a punch with the end of his club, and says, 'go on you farmer, you're blockin' de way.' I reached for my gun and it was mighty lucky for him I didn't have it. So I just up and smacked him across the mouth. A dozen student fellers got around us, an' 'fore I could hit him again they pushed him one way and hustled me t'other. Then they rushed me into a little room back of a gin mill, where they kept me till dark, when they brought me over here. It's no place here for folks to live—too much raisin' blazes—no chance to breathe—every one clar off his cabase! Stand it as long as you can, Johnsing, and when your head piece begins to buzz, an' yer han's gits clammy, and you can't sleep o' nights, come and bring the Missus and the kid—come to God's country and we'll be happy once again. You can't make a man o' Little Pete here—you can't do it—that's all!"

And so Rattlesnake Pete wrung their hands, and then he kissed Little Pete as the babe lay sleeping and smiling in his dreams. And Mrs. Johnson surprised the simple old scout by pressing her lips to his bronzed and wrinkled cheek; he brushed the mist from his eyes, and stifled the gulp that was threatening to choke him, and rushed off to the railroad station.

And so Rattlesnake Pete went away, back to the jack-rabbits and the prairie dogs; back to the cacti and the chaparral; back to the white crowned mountains and the great grey plains.

The morning after the scout departed Mrs. Johnson found something wrapped in an old newspaper in the baby's cradle. She unwrapped the package and somewhat hastily handed it over to her husband. It was a Colt's six-shooter. Cut in the butt were six notches; and scratched on the barrel in print letters were the words: *For Little Pete from his lovin Uncle, Peter Smith.*

The revolver is now tied up with crimson ribbon and hangs on the wall of Professor Johnson's library.

Little Pete is not so very little now. He is nine years old and often teases for that six-shooter to play with.

The Assistant Professor of Biology evolved into a Professor several years ago. And if you look into the last Harvard Directory you will see the name: JOSHUA JOHNSON, PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY, only the name is not spelled just that way in the catalogue, but that is a small matter.

Rattlesnake Pete promised to write often, when he went away, but only one letter has ever come from him, and that was nearly four years ago. One bit of news in that misspelt missive possibly may interest you; it ran as follows: "The railrode has now done ran clean up the valley past the Last Stand. only it don't go close—not within range of a winchester—it shies off and follers the surveyer stakes ezact."

HERE THEN ENDETH THE STORY OF THE LEGACY AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND DONE INTO A BOOK AT THE ROYCROFT PRINTING SHOP THAT IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

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